STRATTON HILL,

A TALE OF

THE CIVIL WARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"LETTERS FROM THE EAST,"

"TALES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND,"

&c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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WHATEVER be the reception of this work in the World, into which, like the wild and exciting paths of the Desert, it is sweet to venture, though fearful the peril—let it be observed, that if its pages often treat of fictitious characters and things, their far greater portion contains a faithful tale. The remote and romantic province wherein lived the brave and distinguished men whose career is here recorded, has perhaps been regarded more coldly than it has deserved. With respect to the less prominent characters of the story, it may be pleaded that they are a portraiture of living people of this century, as well as of the one that is past: in a territory so confined and strongly attached to ancient customs and feelings, the pride of blood is at times now carried to as high a pitch as

when the "baron in his moated hall, and the squire of high degree" looked down on all the rest of the land. Even the most extravagant incident related here, of furious ancestral feelings, occurred within the writer's knowledge. May he be allowed to observe, that in his native land there is still preserved a greater originality and strength of character, than will be found, perhaps, in any other province of Britain? To his foot, its wild hills, and shores, and sullen heaths, are as familiar and dear, as ever were the groves of palm or sultry plains of another land.



STRATTON HILL.

CHAPTER I.

"Allen so long had left his native shore,
He saw but few whom he had seen before;
From the low dwellings, here and there, a light
Served some confused remembrance to excite."

CRABBE.

THE close of a dull and cheerless day in the last lingering month of winter, still gave a doubtful light to the sides of a savage and secluded dell, up which a single passenger slowly made his way. He had just landed from a bark that was seen tossing on the waves at a short distance beneath, and which the scanty crew were busily employed in mooring. His

tranquil and careless progress along the pathless place, proved that he was no stranger there, though many and weary years had passed, and seas rolled far between, since his foot had been familiar with its ruggedness. This was broken by some small patches of cultivated ground, snatched here and there from the dominion of the rocks and fern-coated soil; a few goats and shaggy-looking horses, in all their native wildness, picked up a scanty pasture between the thickets of furze and the straggling beech-trees.

The passenger paused, as the roofs of several cottages caught his eye, and a rude bridge just beside, beneath which the stream fell in a cascade, with the same white rush of waters, and incessant sound that had amused the years of his childhood. It was his native hamlet of Combe, and he returned to it, having trodden the soil of nearly half the globe, aged and grey, but still hale, and unbroken in spirit. He soon stood at the door of the dwelling of his family, but did not enter; for he saw that strange faces were within, and strange voices met his ear.

He then turned from the rude portico with an expression of deep dejection on his features, and entered another dwelling near, whose hearth had been as familiar to him as his own. A numerous circle was now seated around it, and the fire of furze that had just been kindled, threw its blaze with a crackling noise on the faces of infancy and old age, on the deep lines and furrows of discontent and sorrow, as well as the open brow and laughing glance of those who as yet knew no care.

They looked with surprise on the visitor as he entered, for it was an event of rare occurrence in that solitary place, and the times too were troubled and suspicious.

"What may your business be at this time o' night, in the Combe?" said the senior of the party, in no very welcome tone.

"I know that voice," said the other; "though the tone is not so light and heartsome as when I last heard it; and the fierce look is Kiltor's, mine ancient comrade."

"And who may you be?" rejoined the first,

in great astonishment, raising his decrepid limbs at the same time from the stone bench, and fixing his large and menacing eye on the stranger: "It's never Will Andrews come back from ayond the seas; he's deep and quiet aneath them long sence, they said; yet 'tis his kindly look and hard gripe, that dead men never give."

"They are, indeed, old George, and not much changed by time; though fifty years that I've been away, may well sap the toughest trunk. They have dealt hardly with you, however, my friend; your hand quivers like a leaf; yet, it's the same that gave me many a hard fall on Stratton green."

"Ah!" replied the other, sinking on his seat with a desponding groan; at the same time stretching out his withered hands, and moving his palsied fingers in a kind of mockery; "these limbs were then strong, ay strong, and for their match in the ring, who was he?—hard to find, I wot. The western men from Germoe came, and the boasting lads from Boscastle,

to try for the gould laced cap; but their backs were 'pon the yerth, and their eyes saw the sky ere ever they touched it;—but now! curse upon Time that wouldna spare an ould man; and yet he ha' spared ye, Will, a weaker man by far."

"Do not curse Time," said his companion, in a graver tone,—"we can't resist his comin': often he passes ower the seas and the storms to come to the quiet door-stone, and strike the home-dwellin' man in the full hour o' his peace. 'Tis strange, though, that in the battle and the wrack, my strength was ne'er sped, and ye are cut down, George, on your own soft bank, where day or night brought no trouble or strife to ye."

"Cut down!" replied the elder, in a voice of fury; "ye may well say that: broken like a crazy boat, battered by the tide; or like an ould shaft, when the sides are fallen in, and the grass grows on the burrough; look there!" he continued, pointing with his quivering hand to many a decayed trophy of his former might,

in the form of caps, a silver-mounted pike, &c. that were hung against the wall.

"You recollect the time, Will, 'twas in Easter, forty-nine years bygone, the selver cup was wrestled for, and out o' the twelve that strove sore foren, five had broken limbs, and three were never their own men agen. But their day is ower, the whole twelve—their heads are on the turf, and the yerth is upon their bones," he added, with an exulting sneer, "and though broken, the ould wrestler is living still to crow over them. But, Nannie, take out the cup, the selver cup, and we'll ha' a crouse together for all that's come and gone, in as strang ale and as olden ale as any's up in the great house."

A young and lively looking girl rose at this command, and crossing the rude earthen floor, took down the ancient trophy from a small recess, and gave it into her grandfather's hand, that clutched it with as eager a grasp as he had wont to use to his adversaries in the ring. He looked on it long and fixedly, less for the

sake of the glittering metal, as that his memory feasted like the failing gladiator's, on the havoc his own hand had often wrought.

"It hav'n been used," he said, placing it carefully on the seat beside him, "this many a weary year, though I often longed to put 'en to my lips, but I had'n the heart, bein' all lonely, and every ould comraade passed away. But we'll drain it this night to the bottom, to your homecomin', for ye're the last that 's left above ground."

A large stone jug was filled from a cask in an inner-room, divided only by a thin partition from the one in which they were seated, and was placed on the single table; that was also spread by the same light-footed maiden, with a coarse but substantial repast. The wearied stranger fed heartily for some time, and then took his seat on the stone bench within the spacious chimney, opposite his host. The rich tankard, oft replenished, passed from hand to hand over the crackling embers.

"The good ale is sweeter to me than all the

wines of warmer lands, my old friend, and past days seem to come back upon me with the draught: I see new faces on every side: your young wife, with the dark eye and fair face, where is she?—you were married scant a few months when I sailed with my noble master—peace to his memory!"

"My wife," said he, "with the bright eye and the cherry lip! and think ye these could 'dure fifty year, you fool, or that love for them coud 'dure half the time? She's bed-rid five year agone, ould and wearyin'; did'n ye hear her groan in the other room? Niver a day comes but we wish one anither in the grave."

"Years hav'n made your heart softer, George, the more the pity; for you 're broken and tremblin', and want dule and kinelinesse, and to have your span o' life made cheerie. I 'm homeless and lonesome too, but my limbs are strong, and my heart is e'en stronger. God has ever saved me from a hard heart, though I ha' seen much that might ha' made it so."

His companion looked at him with a fixed and malignant look, in which bad and impotent passions were miserably expressed.

"And what sauves ye from it now, you thoughtless man? are na' ye belated and forsook, an' your foot wandrin' alang the yerth, and canna find rest? Do ye loove aught now, and who cares for sitch a sapless carlin, for his weal or woe? But ye 're strang and hale, and ha' the use o' your limbs, and can eat heartie, and find long and deep sleep, while I 'm rotten and racked wi' pain."

"But ye ha' companie in the downward road, old man; those of your own kith and blood are around ye. I ha' seen my noble master, Sir Richard, that was dearer to me than wife or child could e'er be, die by me, and thought, what was sitch as me left upon the earth for when he was taken. Hasna your wife, the kineliest lass in the glen, grawn old along wi' yourself? you had her beauty and comelinesse; and though her black eyes be sunken, and her black hair that fell to her waist, like the Spanish

maids I ha' seen, be now all white, you should'n turn from and hate her; she is the mother of your children."

"Children! if they hadna been born, 'twould ha' been more comfort to me. Michael turned out idle and drinkin', and when I rated him for it, he laughed in my face, and tould me sometimes I was good for nothing now, but might turn my head to the wall. Rob, the only one I liked o' them all, died of a fall in the ring. Since that, my heart 's grown harder every day."

"But let's talk of others now, and far higher than ourselves," said the guest, filling the silver vessel to the brim; "here's to the family at the seat up yonder: and now tell me, as ye hope for mercy, who's living and who's dead there; for well I guess, changes ha' come within side the auncient walls, as well as in those of the cottar. Is Sir Bernard alive? it can hardly be otherwise, for he was a quiet and home-dwellin' man—not like his father, who never liked to sit calm in his own home."

"He's passed ten years agone, come next

Martinmas," was his reply; "and his only son, Sir Bevil, has been a man long since, and a brave one too."

"He wasn' born when I went away with my master, then a young man, whose son, master Granville, was left at Stowe with my lady. I 've heard the present lord is a true son of the old line; no flincher in the fray or fargitful of his followers, but a quick and stirring spirit, that 'll ne'er let the armour o' the Norman barons rust upon the walls."

"In truth is he!" said the host, "and a kind heart to those aneath. I saw him pass before the cot with his cuirass on, a few weeks agone, and a goodly figure he was; the bearin' of your old master, Will, and the same bright flash of his eyes—I longed to bear a pike in his troop, and many a one will soon be found of the like mind, I wot."

"Is the ancient place kept up still, as it used to be?—These are wild times, George, and younger hands than ours will mend or end 'em; 'twill go hard though, but I'll yet march by

Sir Bevill's side; the Turks and the Spaniards' bullets ha' spared me by his grandfather's, and so help me St. Benedict! those o' the rebels were never made that 'll lay my grey head low. They were ever loyal hearts, the Granvilles, and will stead the King's cause better than a host of armed men."

"'Gif yere come from ower the seas to fight," said the other, "ancist your awn quiet home and awn hearth-stone, Will, ye'll ha' enough to do—Couldna ye leave your bones in the wild and warm lands ayond the sea, and not bring them to be strawed amidst the fern, and no hand to cover them? Fight for the King too, you grey old sinner, with seventy winters 'pon your head! there 'll soon be none in the land, for he canna hould his awn, they say."

"That 'll be seen to, ere long. I'll ne'er believe the rebels hardy enough to overturn the lawful Prince; there'll be bloody doings though, and that ere long."

"Blood's flowed fast and thick a few days

sence," said the host eagerly; "they say Bradock Down was steepen red and wet with it, like the sides o' the glen with the dew o' Spring, and Ruthven's men fell like sheep amidst the furze thickets. One o' my wethered limbs wud I ha' gi'en to 've been there, and seen the sight o' that blood, and hearkened to the cries o' the stricken and dyin'—more, far more to my likin' than the voice o' the bairns, or the sound of the stream day an' night afore the door. Often, when I lie wakin', for my bones are weary, that break o' waters over the high rock hard by brings to mind the hours o' my strength that 's past, and the sins and hard deeds too that I did'n fear to do."

"It 's ill thinkin' ower a hardened life, George, and far worse, when the comin' grave, that waits for ye, makes the heart searer.—Don't look so fiercely at me, old man, nor clench your hand, as if I were come to call ye to your long account. St. Benedict! so did the Turk glare at me when he tried to strike again with his faint limbs, and tore his beard, in the foughten

field under the Archduke. But come, drain this last draught to the gallant Sir Bevil's health, and pray for his welfare, if ye willna pray for your own. I'll crave a home 'neath your roof for the night, and to-morrow's morn I'll seek the seat of his fathers: surely he'll give a welcome to the ancient retainer of his family, and one who 's fought so long beneath their banner. My father's roof is desolate, or I shouldna have sought shelter aneath another's. The auld man's head I kenned, sure, must long since been aneath the turf; but I 'd a hope some o' my keene were still around the hearth-stone. But the faces were all strange to my eyes, that could ha' wept bitter tears at the sight."

"Keep your tears, Will, for bitterer things; keep them till your joints grow stiff, and your limbs fail, and the cold quivers come upon the iron frame, and ye long, like Samson, to rise in your might, but canna rise, e'en from your seat, more than the failin' infant—when ye see the strong men around you gloryin' and boastin'

and feel the palsy in your feet, and the gripe o' old age, that canna be loosened, while your soul is still strong within. I ha' wisht, like Samson, that my eyes couldna look on them, and oh! that my hands, too, could bring destruction upon their heads, that scoff at an auld man's boastin' of his youthful deeds! Often do I envy and hate the goat or the deer that I see in the morn leapin' among the craigs and ferns, and when they bound nigh me as if to spite my weakness, I could tear them limb from limb. But I han't the power—and they ken it, too, and browse nigh me, like a gone and withered thing."

"You make your own misery, wretched old man," said his companion, "and each day o' your life will be darker and wearier. But the night's raw and chill, and the blast comes sharp up the glen from the sea—it's time ye were at rest, and glad will my weary limbs be of your earthern floor, for they ha' had many a harder bed."

The surly host briefly acquiesced, and rising

with difficulty from his seat, hobbled, with many a stifled curse and growl, into the other apartment, mingling words of envy at his former friend's happier state, with imprecations on his own blighted one. The other tenants of the cottage had long since retired to rest, and the guest sat some time alone, and lost in thought over the scattered embers that yet glowed on the hearth. A heavy change had come over every thing since the day that he quitted the spot: scarcely one of the companions of his youth were now left, of the many branches of his family; some had gone to other and distant scenes, had mingled in the civil broils of the day, or already paid the debt of Nature. Time had passed his withering hand on all. The survivor was of too advanced an age, and had himself proved too many changes of fortune, to think very deeply or sorrowfully of these bereavements. He had quitted the spot at a very early age, and now returned, with seventy years on his head, and a full share of experience. He had

accompanied the lord of the mansion hard by, into foreign and distant service, when he joined the army of the Imperialists against that of the Prophet, and had afterwards followed him to America, under the unfortunate Raleigh, who was his kinsman. On the death of his master, he might have returned to his native land, and lived in peace, but he had been too long accustomed to a life of excitement and wandering, and he loved it for its own sake. Being left in some degree independent of the hard necessities of his career, by the bounty of him he had served so faithfully, he continued long abroad, never hiring himself as a mercenary soldier in the countries he passed into, but choosing the service that suited best his own taste. Sometimes this had been in the new and sultry lands of the great ocean, as they were then deemed, fighting against those inveterate enemies, whose armada he had seen threaten his own shores, when serving beneath the flag of his master. He had also shared with many other

adventurers from his native province, in the cause of its ancient ally, Portugal, when Sir Francis Drake strove for the recovery of her dominions, which Spain had wrested. He had thus, in the course of a long career, seen various and severe service, as well as climes and manners, all widely different from those of his rude and native province; and possessing a firm and fearless spirit, there were few of the many far and restless adventurers of the time who brought to their own home and quiet resting-place, so blameless a conscience and unbroken a strength as Andrews. He had begun to feel, though few of the inevitable infirmities of age had yet stole upon him, a yearning after his native land. There could not now be very many years between him and the foe he had so often baffled in the fight and in the fatal climes, and he shrunk from the idea of his bones being laid beneath a foreign turf. "No," thought often the old man, "they shall rest, when the hour shall come, in the bosom of the wild hollow, amidst the rocks and ferns that

I wandered among in my childhood." He was now on the spot, yet his coming had not been such as hope had anticipated: he had forgotten to make sufficient allowance for the stern ravages of time; and he now found himself, homeless and friendless, in the loved place of his birth. As his strong form and worn and resolute countenance bent over the dying relics of the fire, sorrow and regret were not the only feelings impressed on the latter; the love of war, and the hope of action, which the troubled times must inevitably bring, lighted up his saddened look, and mocked the grey hairs that were scattered on his hard brow.

CHAPTER II.

' There, he observed, and new emotions felt,
Was my first home—my noble master dwelt;
Eager he entered, and then tried to trace
Some youthful features in some aged face."

CRABBE.

At no great distance from the dell, or hollow, already mentioned, stood the ancient house of Stowe, that had been the seat of the Granvilles for more than five hundred years. From the sullen and desolate aspect of the country that spread on every side, it should seem that its illustrious Norman founder, in his choice of a site, had remembered, with some attachment, the waste scenery of his own land. In the immediate vicinity of the mansion there was, how-

ever, much beauty, scattered by the tasteful and improving hands of its successive possessors. Few of these were such warriors as their noble ancestors Robert Fitz Hamon, and Richard de Granville, brothers, and Earls of Normandy, who fought under the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings; and who afterwards, having had merely a taste of fighting, chose twelve more knights for their companions, and entering Wales with an army, slew Reese the prince, in a pitched battle, and made an entire conquest of Glamorganshire. The next descendant of these worthy barons had for his share of this spoil the old castle of Neath, and he founded in that territory an "abbey for religious monks," and endowed it with all the lands he held in Wales. To such a pitch did he carry his zeal, that after some years he took on him the sign of the Cross, and set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but found it easier, probably, to wage battles, and gain fair domains, than to endure penances; for he died on the way, and was buried in the odour of sanctity. Little that was distinguished is recorded

in the lives of the successive knights and earls of the line, till that of Roger, who, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, was called the Great Housekeeper, for his open and liberal hospitality; and his son Richard served in the wars, and was made marshal of Calais, and also received rich manors, spoiled by the King from one of the monasteries. That the honour of the high name was well maintained by each in his generation, is evident from an epitaph at a much later period over a comparatively obscure relative, discovered among the ancient funeral monuments in Bristol college, to the memory of Mrs. Bridget Weeks.

By birth a Greenville, and that name
Was enough epitaph and fame;
She was, whilst she did live, a wife,
The glorie of her husband's life.

And 'tis no doubt but grief had made
The husband, as the wife, a shade;
But that his death Heaven did defer
Awhile to stay, and weep for her.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Richard Gran-

ville was one of the foremost of those martial spirits who supported by their hardy deeds the fame of the Maiden Queen, and the honour of her realm. He served first against the Turks in Pannonia, under the Emperor Ferdinand, and was afterwards present at the famous battle of Lepanto. He was many years after Vice-admiral under Lord Howard, and the last heroic act of his life in his ship the Revenge deserved an eternal monument. Evelyn says, in his quaint words, "Than this what have we more? what can be greater?" yet neither tomb, nor tablet, nor high-wrought marble tells of the deed. "Being becalmed with his single ship in the midst of the Spanish fleet, he fought till eleven at night, when all his crew were killed or wounded, and himself mortally, causing a loss to the Spaniards of four vessels, and a thousand men, including two commanders; 'so that it may be said, the Revenge made good her name,' says an old writer; surviving not long the death of her commander, and sunk in a storm, with very many of the enemy on board." The

grandson of this Admiral was the present lord of the domain, Sir Bevill Granville, now in the prime of his age. Although his career had been hitherto political rather than martial, it did not appear to those who knew him, should the chances of the time call for a determined leader, that he would in any way sully the name of his ancestor. At the University he had been distinguished for a rapid progress in learning, and the degree of Bachelor of Arts had even been conferred on him at seventeen years of age. On returning to his native patrimony, his public spirit, as well as labours for the good of his county, had been conspicuous on all occasions. This latter had been represented by him in the two last parliaments, and in all those of the unfortunate Charles. His dwelling possessed not, it is true, the refinements, or voluptuous adornments that were lavished on it at a later period, when it is said to have exhibited "unusual splendour, having elegant fountains, gardens, and statues, and the interior of the magnificent edifice was beautified by the most eminent Eng-

lish and Italian masters." Such was not now the case, yet the resources as well as charms of the domain, contented no doubt its present possessors, as it had done the former ones. The taste must have been more fastidious than generally belonged to the ancient families of this period, that could not be pleased with the wild yet diversified attractions of the residence of Stowe.

The mansion stood on a gentle eminence, that overlooked on one side a richly wooded valley, beyond which was a noble view of the sea. The park had store of deer, and wanted not here and there thick and venerable groups of oaks and scattered clumps of firs. On the north, a path led by a swift descent, to the deep dell, or bottom, as it was called, in which was the village before-mentioned.

Here about half-way down, at the foot of the bank, were the remains of what was supposed to have been a small hermitage; a single roofless apartment, with arched doorway and window, and the fragments of a rude altar of

moor-stone within. Nature had ever intended this spot for an abode of peace; though, as the times grew more unruly and agitated, its privacy was invaded by spirits, lawless as the storms that often raged at the boundaries of the dell beneath, and wild as the cormorant that made his home in their dizzy heights.

The mansion itself had a very antique appearance; and it resulted from the additions and improvements of several preceding centuries, that the architecture was neither unique nor imposing. The principal front was in the earliest and massive Norman style, with the arms carved in stone, and proudly embattled over the entrance. The wings had evidently been added at a later period; the windows were larger, and framed with stone works. In the middle of the building was a square court, neatly paved, whose chief purpose was to give light to the adjacent apartments; which, without this aid, would have enjoyed only a very doubtful gloom. Many of the old dwellings of this as well as a subsequent age, would,

but for this prison-like inclosure within walls, towers and chimneys, have had much of their interior left in absolute darkness. Several mansions are still remaining, the windows of whose long and dull apartments look out only on this gloomy square, its untrodden pavement covered with the verdure of ages. Save that the sky is overhead, and the sound of life prevails around, a feudal chief might have paused between the prison in the "turreted tower" for his captive, or this more cheerful but equally hopeless one.

The front of the eastern wing, or tower it might rather be called, was overrun with ivy, that gave extreme beauty to its grey and circular walls, almost shrouding the massive windows that at long intervals were deeply imbedded in them, and even the finely painted one, that lighted the vast dining-room, and looked on the noble expanse of the sea.

Three large and strong doors gave entrance to the building, and were iron-bound, and almost bullet-proof; the centre gate, the most

massive of the three, that rolled slow and ponderously on its hinges, was left hospitably open from morn till night, and many were the feet of the suppliant, and the proud, that crossed its threshold.

The solid but graceless stone edifice looked dark with age. It was approached by a long avenue of trees, consisting chiefly of oak and elm, and a small and thick wood of these trees, mingled with beech, screened it behind from the sharp eastern winds.

It was yet early in the morning; the dense fog that had slowly risen from the hollow beneath, and spread itself over the flat land around, was scarcely broken and dispersed by the rays of the sun, when an elderly man was observed advancing up the long avenue of oak trees. His step was lighter than his age seemed to warrant, and he often turned his eyes earnestly from side to side, on every green field, and cottage, and group of trees, that broke the monotony of the scene. As he drew near the ancient walls, he paused in

surprise on observing their usual peaceful aspect was changed into a troubled and war-like one. Workmen were busy in the attempt to fortify the strong and thick front walls. The grey towers, on which the royal standard floated, and martial faces were seen, already frowned defiance on every hostile approach. Culverins were mounted there, and the ivy, that had for ages mantled the eastern tower, crept round the instruments of death, and, displaced by the rude feet and weapons from its ancient hold, was idly waved to and fro by the breeze. The eye of the attached retainer kindled as he gazed on these preparations, and passing into the interior of the dwelling, he mingled with the domestics, and sought for some form that he had known in past days. It was some time ere he recognized among the unknown faces of the former, that of an old companion of his youth, a fellow-servant in the family under its former master. The congratulations on both sides were rough, yet heartfelt; they had both grown old

in the same service, and their only hope was to close their days in it. Whether in the field or flood was alike indifferent to the one, while the other, who was the butler, having passed a long life beneath the roof, and known few troubles, save what a thunder-storm had caused in the cellar, or when contrary winds had kept back the supply of the French vintage from the coast, shrunk at the clash of arms and the hurried preparations around, and already fancied he heard the cannon of the fierce Parliament's army at the gates.

When the long converse about past and present times, as well as fearful comments on the future, drew to a close between the two worthies, neither of whom lacked the usual garrulity of years, and Andrews had done ample justice to the solid viands placed before him, he inquired when he could be admitted to speak with Sir Beville, and whether he was yet risen.

"He's ever up with the dawn," said his friend; "his spirit's too active, and has e'en

too much upon it now to allow him long slumber. I 've heard his voice upon the west tower three hours agone."

"It 's true then, the report I 've heard, that there 's a rising in the countries, and that his Lordship is at the head o' it?"

"Ay! they 'll muster strong a few days hence, they say, and the trained bands are drawn out, and marched against the Scotch leader, the governor of Plymouth. The Sawnie trusted himself and his men too far from their strong hold, and thought, maybe, that venturin' into our land was like making a raid by his own borders, but he 's sore mista'en; he was goin' to drive the savages, he said, into their holes and dens, but they didna wait for 'em: many of his men lie stark and stiff, and the rest fled with their general as fast as if they were fleein' from a wizard land. But I 'll go see if his honour would be pleased to see ye yet awhile."

In a short time the cautious butler returned with an approving answer, and conducted his

quondam fellow-servant into the presence of his master. It was with an anxious look and a beating heart that the former gazed again on the representative of a family to whom he had devoted all his long career; on the descendant of the master whom he had loved dearer than his life. It was the bearing of Sir Richard, for which he sought the eye, so kind, yet resolute; the calm and open countenance, whose expression set the humblest instantly at their ease.

There was much of these in his illustrious grandson; yet of a more refined and impressive character: the former had the bearing chiefly of the warrior, calm and devoted: the latter, of a more cultivated mind and loftier understanding, bore in his glance the stamp of a man, in whom princes might take refuge in the hour of trouble.

Sir Beville rose, and advancing, took the hand of the faithful retainer of his ancestor, and pressed it warmly in his own; the look and the manner with which this was done went to the

old man's heart—"You are welcome, Andrews," said the former, "to Stowe; it must be your home, henceforth, for life—your last resting-place. The man who fought so bravely by my grandfather's side shall never wander forth again from his roof-tree."

"It is my dearest wish, and I may say my last one, my lord, to be by the Granville's side, whatever betide; I have proved it in acts, if I may be allowed to say so, as well as in words."

"I know it, old man, I know it well. Sir Richard's letters, for I never saw his face, often told of your tried attachment: you were with him too, when he died, and such a death!—O that mine may be even as his!" he said solemnly, his features glowing for a moment with the remembrance.—"At another time we will talk more of these things, for you were with him long. If your hand can yet wield the sword, and your limbs are not wearied with the armour's weight, Andrews, you may find work once more under the banner that has cherished you, and in the best of causes."

"Wearied, your honour!" said the other, in a tone almost of scorn, while the colour rushed over his weather-beaten cheek, "wearied, when the banner of the house is unfurled, and the Granville is in the field! the helm and the breastplate will sit lighter on me then, than when I wore them by your ancestor's side in the battle of Lepanto, or when he fought against the Infidels, where the burning heat wasted more than the fiercest strife."

"Why then you shall have a charge near my own person; for age seems to have done its part but feebly on that rugged frame: you were once keen at your weapons, I have heard, and can hardly yet have forgotten the use of them."

"They are with me still, my lord, the same that I wore and fought with in my youth; and death only shall part me from the sword that was my poor master's, and which fell from his hand when it was shattered by the Spanish bullet, and his broken body soon sunk beside it."

"Ay, those were days when brave men contended only with the bitter enemies of their country and Sovereign, for whom it was alike sweet to live or die; but now, old man, England fights with herself, and you are come in your last years to see sights which the wildest never thought to see, and mingle in broils which bring sorrow to every hearth, whether of the hovel or the palace. But go, and mingle with the new levies that are lately come in who know little of war but the name; the experience of an old soldier may stead them much."

At the conclusion of these words, Andrews made his lowly obeisance to his patron, and withdrew to his former companion, whom he assured, that in spite of time he began to fancy he was once more embarked, as in days of yore, in some gallant enterprise under his old leader, so strong was the resemblance in the look, the bearing, and the very tone of the voice. In fine, the observation of the inspired writer, that at seventy years "labour and sorrow" only are

the portion left, and that man seeks for rest, admitted of an exception in the case of the veteran, as he strode along the walls with a busy and important look and step, surveying earnestly the preparations for resistance that had been begun, and pausing, with a critic's eye on any exposed or dilapidated spot, as if the fate of the dwelling of six centuries of nobles had rested only on his own fancy and judgment.

It was yet scarcely mid-day when a trumpet was heard to sound at some distance; it breathed no hostile note, and a small body of troops soon came in view, advancing slowly towards the mansion. It was composed chiefly of horse, that looked, both men and steeds, when they halted before the great gate, as if they had been in recent and severe service. The looks of the cavaliers were too confident, however, to allow the belief that this had been attended with defeat, particularly those of their commander, afterwards the celebrated Sir Ralph Hopton.

Possessing the rank of general of horse to

the marquis of Hertford, who was commander-in-chief in the western parts, he had already done good service, and been placed in situations of great trust. Full of zeal in the cause, Cornwall was given him as a busy and fitting field of action, and it soon became the theatre of his future fame. He did not belie the expectations formed of his talents and prudence, and strove by every art and conciliation, to unite the wavering and irresolute in the cause he represented. It cannot be said there were many of this character in the province; a strong feeling of sympathy and indignation at the wrongs of their sovereign seemed to pervade the greater part of the population, both high and low, the peasant, the squire, and the noble.

The visit of Gustavus to the miners of Dalecarlia, the last and successful refuge of his failing fortunes, had a faithful parallel in the entrance of the loyal commanders, and subsequently of their ill-fated master into the wilds of Cornwall. On Hopton's arrival, he found several thousands of what were called the train-

ed bands already in arms; but as these troops refused to march out of the county, he collected, with the aid of some of the leading gentlemen, about fifteen hundred regular troops, with which he not only secured the province, but made inroads into the neighbouring one of Devon.

The Parliament resolved to put a stop to this active and successful career, and having got together some forces, the command was given to the Earl of Stamford, who sent Ruthven, a Scotchman, and governor of Plymouth, at their head. The latter advanced with confidence, for his forces were superior in number to those of his antagonist: they encountered on Bradock Down, near Liskeard, where he was entirely defeated by Hopton, and most of his army killed, or taken prisoners. Had the victors possessed the bards or the seers of the North, many of whose natives lay slain on the extensive waste where the battle was fought, and in the pursuit afterwards, the details of the action, with many a comment, would have

been transmitted to their children of future generations. At it was, the deeds of that day were often fought over again, not to "the harp's wild sound;" but in the far wilder native tongue. This was not in itself unmelodious, but no talented wight was found, whose ingenuity and patriotism could bring flowers and odours out of the wilderness.

The effects of the late success had been decisive: the enemy had been chased beyond the borders; and Hopton was now making a partial progress through the territory he had freed, in order to augment and concentrate the royal forces.

The seat of Stowe being situated far to the North, was one of the first places he halted at, and it was also one of the most desired. On dismounting from his charger, he was received and welcomed in the warmest manner by the noble owner.

The troops, about a hundred and fifty in number, were quartered in and around the hospitable mansion; while the leader, having first

divested himself of the weightier parts of his armour, was ushered into the presence of its mistress.

She was seated in a high and gloomy apartment, into which the small and casemented windows allowed the light to enter partially: it was hung with faded tapestry, and the table at which the lady sat, engaged in some work of embroidery, was covered with black velvet. Beside her were three of her children; one son, and two fair daughters.

Sir Ralph Hopton, but lately come from war and tumult, and the spectacle of the fiercest passions drawn forth, gazed with delight at this calm and beautiful picture of domestic happiness. Unmarried himself, though some years older than his host, and embarked in a career in which destruction trod closely on the heels of fame, he thought with a sigh of a condition that seemed to be placed far beyond his reach. The thought and the hope were, perhaps, but momentary; the high and exciting events that almost every day brought forth, and their urgent

demand on the incessant exertion of his talents and foresight, soon expelled the vision of repose from his fancy. Then he was now known as a successful leader, and the future might place his name even among the highest of the time.

The lady Grace was still in the flower of her life, and scarcely thirty years of age; she had never mingled in courts, though few would have there met with a more gracious reception; but had preferred to reside amidst the retirement and quiet of her own remote home, occupied chiefly in the instruction of her children, and had anxiously declined her husband's entreaties to accompany him, when his parliamentary duties called him away. This reluctance had not arisen from want of affection, for never did she know the same happiness within the ancient walls of Stowe when her husband, to whom she was devoted, was not there; but a dislike to the dissipations of life, induced her to prefer what many ladies of the time would have deemed a weary and unattractive seclusion.

The expression of her countenance was, in Sir Beville's eye, far beyond that of exquisite beauty, for he had married early, and still regarded her with all the partiality of a first and ardent affection. Her features were regular and full of sweetness; and the latter quality peculiarly distinguished her manners, that seldom failed to win the regard and good-will of those who approached her. When Lady Grace spoke, men did not hang with eagerness on any brilliant sallies of wit, or keen and eloquent satire; but they often listened with delight to her conversation, the fruit of a mind, as well as reading, that seemed to have gone beyond her years.

Had this amiable woman chanced to be the bride of some "noble or baron bold," who ran his rude course in this, as well as in more civilized provinces, her worth, may be, had been neglected or overlooked; but the companion of a man of high talent and generous feeling, she was as "an apple of gold set in pictures of silver."

In the fierce struggle that had commenced,

she foresaw it was impossible that her husband could avoid taking an active part. The representative of the county, he could not sit down a quiet spectator, when the mind of every private man was tossed and agitated on one side or the other. Often had he dwelt and even debated on the subject with his lady, day after day, well knowing the wide influence his example would have, and from some past experience in the North, where he had accompanied the King with his own body of horse, was well aware of the miseries of a civil contest. Lady Grace, although she felt even to agony the consequences to herself of such a step, never for a moment sought to turn his resolve from the path which honour and loyalty alike marked out. The frequent and perilous, it might be total, absence of its lord from the home of his fathers—the home where all her happiness centered; the bloody field, the chances of defeat and death; all these were present to her imagination by day and night, and the woman wept bitterly,

while the wife resolved on the sacrifice. It was not that Sir Beville ever doubted of the part he was to act; his devotion to the King and his sense of his wrongs, were too ardent to allow him to stop short of proving them by deeds. Soon after the breaking out of the war, he retired to his seat at Stowe, where he resisted for some time the entreaties of his countrymen, to put himself at their head. But when the designs of the Commons became more undisguised and arbitrary, he quitted at once his state of inaction, took up arms, and with a body of forces rescued the town of Launceston, where he defeated the rebels, and soon after brought the whole of the county into submission to the King. It was not long after this, that Hopton arrived at Stowe to pass a few days.

"A scene such as this, Sir Beville," said the guest, "is enough to make an old soldier truant from the field; and deem ease and retirement sweeter than the mountain camp and the foughten field."

"You should not deem it so," said the lady, "who have freshly gathered so much honour there. I doubt if wife or children would have power sufficient to woo Sir Ralph Hopton from the field."

"It may not be quitted now, Madam, for the dearest ties or the most resistless attractions: we are pledged not to lay aside our armour, or to yield to the silver voices of home, till this unnatural rebellion is quelled. Yet I envy my friend so lovely a resting place as his own walls afford."

"It is even so," replied the host; "yet when I think how many nobles are at this moment homeless, their dwellings plundered, and the quiet delights of their own hearths broken and scattered—and the King too, an exile from his palace, a wanderer through his own domain—it seems I have more, far more than my deserts; that I ought not thus to revel in the cloudless sunbeams, while on the anointed head no ray falls."

"Thanks for this security to your remote

situation, Sir Beville, rather than to any fortunate star. Had Stowe stood any where in the Midland counties, or nearer the seat of action, its ancient walls would ere this hour have been desolate; many stronger holds have been ravaged, and it could hardly have stood a long siege."

"It is true," replied the lady, "the march of the Parliament's army may be tracked by desolation and outrage against all who are conspicuous for their allegiance. Ere this, we had seen their standards before our own walls, however remote they stand, but for your timely success, General, at Bradock Down. It is said, they had threatened vengeance on the grey towers of Stowe, that in a few days they should have been levelled with the ground—or what would suit the taste of their mob leaders much better, made their head-quarters, till little remained save the dishonoured roofs and walls."

"Never, while I breathe," said Sir Beville, eagerly, "shall they be polluted by their re-

publican footsteps, or be to them a place of licence and revel. Sooner would I wander forth with those dear pledges, homeless and landless, and give my dwelling to the flames."

"The hour is far distant," replied Hopton, "that will require such a sacrifice, and never, I trust, my lady, will you see the rebel flag wave from Stowe. It stayed not, in truth, on hill or heath, and seemed to shrink from their very air within its folds. So rapid was Ruthven's flight, that he did not stop to look behind him till fairly over the frontiers."

"The defeat was entire, I understand," rejoined the other. "Ruthven is said to be a good and brave officer; it was his character as such, that induced the Parliament to give him the command of Plymouth."

"He strove hard," observed the guest, "to turn the fate of the day, but his troops lost heart; he would have given his Scotch pedigree, I fancy, had one of his native glens or heathy hills been at hand to cover the retreat; but they ran over the wide, open downs, a

mark for every shot, and not a bank, rock, or tree, was there to give a moment's shelter."

"You showed mercy, however, General," said the lady; "when there was no refuge left to the flying, and did not stain your success with slaughter; and for that generous bearing, credit me, victory will not pass away from your standard."

"Many thanks for the prediction, which I will sooner put faith in from your ladyship's lips, than from those of the greatest seer in the land.

"As to seers," said Sir Beville, "there are two or three of them, who live in the hills along the coast, in whom the people place entire confidence. Their skill, or gift, or whatever it be, resembles much the second-sight among the natives of Scotland, that I heard much of at the time I was on the border. They pretend to foretel the approach of tempests, and shipwrecks, and are much consulted by the fishermen and mariners. If Berkley is to be believed, your

own victory was foreseen, and described also by the lonely being that inhabits among the crags of the coast a few leagues distant. On the moor was seen the flying footsteps, fleet as the wind, and the eye of fear oft turned back; they were those of the prey, though not of the deer and the fox; and the yellow furze was red with their blood, and the dark fern was their shroud. You look, lady Grace, as if you really had faith in this sapient prophecy."

"By no means: yet it is a little singular that strange being's words should have chanced to be so fulfilled. I have known one or two instances of his having told of a coming storm to the tenants of the neighbouring cove, and more than one fishing-boat perished by disregarding it. I deserve that you should laugh at my weakness; but this unhappy war, and the perils it brings to those who act a chief part in it, have made me superstitious."

The general's reply was cut short by the entrance of the ancient butler, to announce that

the dinner was served, and the party adjourned to the handsome room in the western tower, considerably augmented by several other guests, relatives chiefly of the host.

CHAPTER III.

> "Each in his narrow bed for ever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."
>
> GRAY.

THERE are few scenes that interest all men so deeply and lastingly as a solemn and silent place of burial. Whether this interest be excited by associations and remembrances, hovering round the resting-place of those we have known, or by the conviction, that our own also must infallibly be made there—it matters not. The Turk, in general apathetic, loves to wander amidst the monuments of his countrymen; and to gaze in silence on the turbaned pillars, beneath which the ashes of his fathers are laid.

He is careful to surround them with as much depth and beauty of foliage as possible, that there the tempest may not beat, nor the wasting heats destroy: often are their abodes of the dead more attractive than those of the living. The Arab pauses with a melancholy pleasure, when the rude stones that mark the graves of his tribe meet his eye in the boundless deserts, placed in the shadow of some lofty precipice; where, though no verdure springs, the sand glows not over the departed, and the well, sunk deep beside, often makes the traveller bless the tomb of the Bedoween.

And some such feelings, no doubt, had a share in the attachment the inhabitants of the retired village of Kilkhampton bore to their fine and venerable church, and its adjoining cemetery.

They were proud of them; and it is not necessary to believe the good villagers were fond of the romantic and the lonely, in order to account for this pride. Choicer spirits dwelt near, and the passing traveller, who paused to admire the many attractions gathered around

the spot, was convinced no rustic taste or hand had planned or realised them.

Situated a few miles only from Stowe, the sacred edifice, as well as the land immediately in its vicinity, might be said to be the patrimony of the family who dwelt there. It had been built by an ancient baron of the line. It is approached through a fine avenue of venerable oaks, whose shade always rests on the zig zag Norman arch, that forms the principal entrance, over which are the words "Porta Cœli," for the good lords who first reposed here, dreamed not of the heresy of their successors. Over a lower entrance on the same side, is a small arch, in the Saracenic style, with the arms of Granville, erected perhaps by that religious baron, who set out to the East, not to become a paladin, but to pour his last vows amidst its famous scenes. The church has three roofs, (for even at this day its beauty is the same) and a stately tower at the west end. The interior is light and spacious, the ceiling supported by two rows of slender pillars, and

obtuse Gothic arches. The thin columns, so different from the generally low and massive ones of the time, have their shafts richly clustered. Beneath and around are monuments of departed nobles, engraved with arms, titles, and imperishable praises, mingled with long Norman and British pedigrees. To rest near such high remains, seems to have been a point of ambition with the numerous families and branches of families closely or distantly related to them when living, for the floor is nearly covered with countless monumental inscriptions; not a slab of the ancient pavement that is not alive with the names of sires, maids, wives, and widows, all worthy in their generation—but all related to the thrice noble blood of Corbeil and Thorigny. The attractions of the exterior are perhaps, to an indifferent eye, greater than those within, as the walls are for the most part clothed in dense and rich foliage. The grey face of the structure here and there looks out from its dark mantle of ivy; the stately oaks that veil, in their loftiness, much of the antique tower,

throw their canopy of shade over the neat and verdant interior of the church-yard. It is surely sweet to sleep our last sleep beneath the shadow of trees, though Ossian's heroes preferred that the sun should glance brightly on their graves: the tenants of the village had not this prospect before them save where some scattered rays struggled through the thick branches on the modest memorials beneath. It was also a feeling of no small satisfaction, that no stranger was laid there; the green and cool sod, which they looked on as peculiarly their own, or rather their generous lord's, was not, it was said, ever broken for the unknown and wayfaring man, or for the tenant of some distant province. The people who dwelt around saw no name on the simple tombstones, whose race personally or by hearsay they had not known; and for themselves, they might say in the closing hour, as of old, "bury me in the burial-place of my fathers, which is by the aged tree."

The village of Kilkhampton at this time enjoyed a superiority over many others of the

county, in respect of its pátronage. Some of the buildings had quite a respectable appearance, and were tenanted by small landholders, or by those who were engaged in the few branches of commerce then enjoyed here. Not that these dwellings shone in moor stone fronts and capacious windows, whose tempting signs speak of luxuries from far and sunny lands; the half obscure shops revealed within their wooden recesses the linen, cotton, and wines and brandies from other climes,—the wool was the produce of the neighbourhood. Small as it was, the place had its distinctions of rank, its little aristocracy—in particular, a decayed and ancient family that lived in the stone mansion-house in the cross, that with its massive portico, thick and yellow looking walls, and windows like sky-lights, might have been taken for the castle keep. The race that had long dwelt here had all gone to their last home save a brother and sister, now entering on the vale of life. As each year made still more grey each brow, and faded each lofty look, still more

tenacious were they of the pure and ancient blood that flowed in their veins; and this was one cause of their having lived unmated and unblessed rather than soil or stain it by a connection with any of the neighbouring families.

To be sure, a smile or a nod, and now and then a few words, or a passing salutation on the Sunday from the noble owners of Stowe, were sufficient to send them to their stern dwelling, happy exceedingly; and then, seating themselves after their early and sedate repast, each at one of the small windows or embrasures, they gazed on the different groups who passed by, with many a sweet and disdainful comment on their lowly lineage and nameless line.

It cannot be said that in outward show any other dwelling in the village could compete with the aforesaid; being in general built of more fragile materials.

There was, however, a degree of cleanness and good keeping about the whole place, that was little to be observed in the provincial town-

ships of the period. Not that these characteristics were carried to such excess as in the celebrated Dutch village, whose single long street no horse's tread was permitted to sully, or pipe to be smoked on the pure pavement, or on the banks of the transparent stream that divided it in twain. The miry, neglected, and often impassable thoroughfare, that in most villages separated one row of mud or wooden dwellings from another, might here with some justice be called a street; for it was wide, coarsely paved, and in the middle a group of four or five old and tall trees, which the oldest dweller had heard his sire say had always been there, contributed to the air of comfort that was spread around. The most pleasing points of view, it is said, are those presented to us by the vivid contrast of objects; the dark and deep foliage, and the compact village clustered around it, looked doubly welcome amidst the long dreary moors by which they were surrounded, and the headlands on whose verge almost they stood.

This village, that seemed to want no com-

fort, suited to the taste and manners of the times, could boast of but one inn, as it was not a great thoroughfare from city to city, and travellers in that day were few, and by no means abounding in wealth.

This single place of entertainment was found sufficient for need as well as luxury. It was a neat, decent-looking dwelling, with a capacious wooden portico, and a stone bench on each side.

The aforesaid group of primitive trees, that stood directly facing, at a few yards' distance only, gave an air of coolness and retirement during the summer months to the front of the dwellings, as well as to the oft frequented seat beneath, for their shadow was cast there. A fountain of water, of excellent clearness, that rose close by, formed the daily beverage of the town's people. It had been made, by the care and taste of the noble patron, to fall from an arch of polished moorstone, on whose face, just above where the stream issued, was carved the head of the Saint, the ancient and revered tutelar of the place. The awful features still

gave their patronising expression over the clear rush of waters; but now, alas! all unregarded, not the thin and worn stone cross beside could keep the gracious St. Petroc in countenance. Once, no one passed the fountain without a reverend contraction of aspect,—not a peasant, or seaman, or even the wealthy land-owner, presumed to quaff their evening draught, or smoke their pipe in the portico opposite, without the cap being lifted from the forehead, and the cross hastily made there.

The stone seat already spoken of had once formed the appendage to the porch of a monastery a few miles distant, and was the resting-place where many a good father had reposed during the heat of day. Now, it did the same offices, though more indiscriminately, at the hostel of this remote place; on it sat mariners from the neighbouring ports, village politicians, and adventurers who had roamed to other lands — for this spirit was rife at the time, having been excited by the expedition of Drake, who had been fol-

lowed beyond seas by many of his Cornish countrymen a few years before.

The chill winds of the closing autumn had by degrees compelled this coterie, or scavellin, as it was provincially called, to quit their favourite sauntering-place, and seek a warmer one within doors. The yellow leaves of the ancient trees had often fallen sadly at the feet of this cluster of idlers, as if to give them a lesson, had they been disposed to receive it, while discussing the signs of the times, of the inevitable destiny to which they, too, must yield, the winter that would lay every head low, and scatter the sagest dreams. By tacit and general consent, the stone bench was now abandoned for the more cosie and sheltered one that extended its circular sweep on the clean and smooth pavement of the kitchen. The driving blast, not even from the sharp east, sweeping on occasion through the open door, could invade the warmth and comfort of this sanctorum,—this enviable refuge from the rigours that, during winter, domineered without.

The long back or screen of this seat rose to within a few feet of the ceiling, and beneath, far within the circle that it formed, blazed on the wide centre of the hearth the cheerful and unstinted fire.

The table that interposed its long body between, was covered, as evening now drew its early veil, with pots, cans, and vessels of sundry form and magnitude. The magnum bonum of claret for the choicer guest, not unfrequently stood there, brought by the traders, or even by the fishing-barks, from the isles of Jersey and Guernsey, or from the adjoining coast, then in amity.

Night had fairly sunk on the dwellings, on the church, its tall tower, and solemn and shaded cemetery; each sound of industry had died away; the lights twinkled in the narrow windows on each side the street; but the most cheering, as well as social light, whether to the hungry, wayworn, or benighted man, came from those of the single though not solitary inn. No noisy merriment or revel broke from

thence on the silence of the hour; not that the inmates were not in full possession of their enjoyments, which a casual observer would have pronounced to be deep, and perhaps heartfelt, rather than transient and vivid. But before we proceed to speak of the guests who honoured the "leu chimlie side" with their presence, it is necessary to say something of her who was the owner and director of the well-ordered mansion. Dame,—or as she was sometimes with more respect termed, mistress Tonkin, was somewhat stricken in years; yet her tall figure, a little bent however, her keen and brisk glance, and strong clear voice, baffled the approach of time, and made the observer think he had dealt gently with her. It was not that trouble and sorrow had spared to plant deep lines in the marked and still lively features, but she bore them with the air rather of a conqueror than a victim. Even the death of her son, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," did not break the hardy frame of her mind: he had died, too, by an accident, suddenly, and not by

the slow advances of disease; yet the day after his burial, she entered into all the petty and arbitrary duties of her abode, with as unbroken a tone of voice, as fierce a glance at her tardy domestics, and dwelt that evening from her own peculiar oaken chair, to a listening circle, on the awful state of the times, with the same knowing air and vivid colouring, that had deservedly made her pass for "the wisest woman in all the neighbourin." It may be doubted if few, or any of the other sex in this enviable spot, possessed the same shrewd and practised knowledge of the world, as, without extravagance, it might be termed.

Sole ruler within the walls of the sole "hostel," as maid, wife, and widow, for forty years, the various and motley people that had tarried there, from the "baron bold" to the squire of low degree, the pedlar, the pirate, and the fisherman, had not come and gone like shadows, that leave no trace behind; but had left her memory a perfect treasure-house, from which

she liked, as well as her neighbours, to draw on occasions peculiarly social, or during the presence of a guest of more than usual interest.

It would seem that this was the case, in some degree, on the present evening; for, with her arms supported on the still more ancient ones of the oaken chair, her figure slightly bent forward to add force to her words, and her large eye lighted up with the theme, the "conynge landladie" poured forth of the stores of her observance of days that were past. No one ventured to gainsay, for a biting sarcasm was ready on the tongue; especially if the intruder was a man of no great reckoning; also the neighbours said, let the dame say her say; there was always something worth listening to. Her fair daughter, and only surviving child, a pale and sad girl, with light hair and eyes, sat on a low stool, opposite her mother. A more complete contrast in two beings so nearly related to each other, could not well be imagined; and it was striking to turn from the watchful, despotic

glance of the elder, that almost looked into the heart, to the meditative, shrinking regard of her slender, finely formed, and silent companion.

Her look rested not on the faces of the guests, far less confronted them, as if to balance their respective claims, or to sneer at their pretensions;—but she loved to bend on the glowing embers, that crackled, and often started from the hearth, in many an ominous and fantastic shape, and then turn with a sigh to the simple work of her own hands, that went slowly and delicately on.

This sadness and seriousness were not without a cause: young as she seemed, a plant fit only to flourish within the "chimlie neuk," she too was a widow. She had married two years before the captain of a trading vessel on the coast, a young and comely man, and in a few months afterwards, in his passage from Ireland, he was washed overboard during a stormy night, and seen to perish amidst the billows by his companions, who could afford no aid. She had never been lively or happy since: by nature her tem-

perament did not belong to the former; but since this misfortune, the youthful widow was observed to become more and more abstracted from the busy scene around her, and more averse to its publicity.

Had she lived a century before, the veil, no doubt, would have had its attractions, and the lonely nunnery, that still survived at no great distance, would have received another and a willing votary within its walls. The mild and oppressed spirit of the young woman sought and found refuge in the same path, but at a purer fountain. Even amidst the often hurry and bustle of the affairs within doors, all unmeet for sweet and lofty musings, her graceful and wasted figure moved at times as in a region whose tranquillity was unbroken. Always neatly, and, on particular occasions, almost tastefully dressed, she gave the aid, and it was not small, of her soft manners and smile, that made the stranger enter with a blither feeling than the wild region he had passed over, had prepared him for. She was the only thing on

earth her mother loved, who always let her take, as she expressed it, her own ways and wyles; muttering at times, in a busy moment, that Betsy might as well stir her legs and tongue a little quicker, as sit thinking on things that werena felt or seen.

A quiet sneer would sometimes come to the old woman's eye, when bent fixedly on her daughter, as she turned over, with a stillness that allowed the rustling of each leaf to be heard, one of those pious works of the day, whose dear enthusiasm had caught her mind.

The parent, like many elderly people, particularly women, who have borne and surmounted the stern troubles of the world with a high hand and unyielding heart, was disposed to think lightly of the aid that religion gives to the dependant mind, and the surrender of the hopes and designs which it requires.

There were others at this time, however, within the settle's ample sweep, to share her attention, and guests, it appeared, of no ordinary degree. A young man, well dressed, whose mien

and figure, though extremely good, did not warrant his being classed in the rank of a gentleman, sat at his ease, with a pipe of the best Havannah in his mouth, and a bottle before him, the size of which, as well as the hue of its contents, differed materially from those of the more dust-covered and capacious one that beguiled the cares of a more elderly personage than himself.

His complexion was dark, from the effect evidently of exposure in sultry climates; for the open collar at the neck disclosed a skin, whose whiteness would have better befitted a woman than one of his hardy character.

CHAPTER IV.

"For this I 'll dare the billows' roar,
For this I 'll trace the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw."

BURNS.

NEXT to this guest, yet far enough to avoid any contact, sat the important figure of one of the inmates of the massive and time-braving stone mansion already spoken of. Its lord he could not be called, since half the empire at least had been for many years enjoyed by his sister. Their years were nearly the same, and, they had lived together in tolerable amity, and each in perfect freedom from the tender ties that bound, as the bell of the adjoining tower weekly proclaimed, their fellow mortals toge-

ther. The ancient blood that flowed richly in her veins had turned to sourness and gall by the consciousness of growing, although petty, infirmities; and the untimely decay, as she was pleased to term it, of her youthful charms. The neighbours, who for the last forty years had never for a single day missed seeing the genial pair appear at the window-seat or in the short circular walk beneath the row of ancient oaks in the church-yard, did not remember that these charms had ever been very seductive. But now, another and a fairer generation had grown up around her; faces and forms passed every day before the mansion, that were seen to ripen like the rich fruits of autumn beneath a sultry sky, and put her spare figure and grey hairs quite out of countenance. These things could not be borne with patience; the course of vexation and repining gathered till it became like a torrent, and,—in spite of an ample sufficiency of this world's comforts, as well as a larger stock of health and robustness than her age could well warrant,—rendered the interior of the revered

family dwelling more like that "of the castle keep, where prisoners weep, and cares and sorrows dwell," than a place of indolent enjoyment. Inclosed within the stately and thick walls of his hereditary hold all the day, the brother did not disdain at evening to come forth occasionally to the cheerful inn. The long habits of almost feudal attachment to the family at Stowe cherished by every habitant, made this remote branch of it be always treated with a respect, which his personal qualifications might have failed to insure. His undisputed title to this high eminence could be proved by records ancient and many, and more especially by a small marble slab in the church, on the left side, not far from the altar, that bore this inscription—"Anno domini 1436; Arthurus Trenlyon, of Lanteglos, filius Thomæ Trenn, et Bridgett Greinvile." It so happened that the first named personage, though long since numbered with his fathers, could trace his descent, with scarcely a flaw, from the renowned Arthur, prince and warrior, the boast not only of his

province, but of the whole realm. Of this, Mr. Trenlyon, who bore also the name of the heroic Briton, was exceedingly vain and tenacious. It could not be said that he bore, as he sat within the settle, any close resemblance to his princely ancestor.

Ensconced in the farthest corner, which, as he said, was the lowest, his short neck manfully supporting a head of no ungraceful contour, Mr. Trenlyon cast an approving eye on the brilliant hearth and table, on which bottles of captivating age and contents stood in beautiful confusion. Whatever mirth or humour passed within his soul, they seldom mantled on his lips, or discovered the really fine and white set of teeth which years had spared.

In the eye, that dwelling-place and glorious mirror of the spirit, appeared the various agitations and delights that took place in the inner man. Small, grey and active, beneath a well arched and whitened eyebrow, it was capable of a clear and vivid expression; particularly when a well-spread table, or appurtenances like

those set forth on the present occasion, met its gaze; above all, when it rested on the ruins of the ancestral castle, its light shone forth like that of a Druid over the place of his rites in the hollow cairn. The nose, long and slightly hooked at the bottom, descended gracefully, as if it sought to rest on the smooth, sleek expanse of the chin. The forehead was a redeeming feature: tall and expansive, it rose in fine sweep towards the purely bald crown, behind and around which drooped neatly and becomingly the thick and silvery hair. Had Spurzheim then dwelt on the earth, in that forehead he would have said dwelt the pure and high blood of Granville and Therigny: it gave sign also of high thoughts and designs; but all below was the residence only of sensual things, and little carking anxieties.

He had listened at intervals with great attention to the details given by his younger companion, who, conscious of the attention of his auditory, was painting in glowing terms the dis-

tant climes in which he had dwelt. The penetrating glance, that was directed at times at the sun-burnt countenance of the narrator, returned to a vessel of ancient claret that stood not idly before him; but was quickly called away again by sweet mention of luxuries, whose name had not till then reached his ear.

"And you say, Sir," he broke in at last, "that a bottle of the yellow rich wine, that grows in those lands, is worth a pipe of Bourdeaux?"

"Ay," said the other, "and far more generous: it warms the blood, and leads on to daring deeds; whereas the beverage you are so busy discussing, is a thin, cold element. Give me the Madeira, that sparkles in the cup; it's a drink for monarchs, and would add ten years to your life, my old friend."

"Speak with more reverence, Sir, I beg," replied the senior, in a fume, closing one of his dark grey eyes at the same moment, and meeting with the concentrated force of the other the

surprised look of the youth; "the blood of the Granvilles is wont to be treated with greater worship than in such light words by the stranger and unknown man."

"If you say the blood of that ancient house is in your veins, there 's little outward sign or token of it," said the other. "I like to see the man that carries," slightly raising his own handsome countenance, "his right to reverence in a clear eye and open brow; and who has ranged the world, instead of burrowing, live-long, like a rabbit in his hole."

"Do you call the ancient hold of the Trenlyons a hole?" rejoined the other, completely roused from his usual apathetic manner. "Its walls stood when not another was raised hard by, save the church; it had a park too, a small one, and fallow deer; and many a lord of Corbeil has dined off a fat haunch in the old hall, when the Towners were in their pride and power."

"It 's e'en so," said the landlady; "it 's

Master Arthur ye are speakin' to: ye ken the old castle of Tintayel, where the Prince bygone, that so many marvels are said about, was born; the gentleman is one of his keene (relations) far away removed, a few hundred year or so."

"Is that the case?" replied the young man, with a smile; "then, by St. Neot! my lips have done foul wrong, and I crave pardon with all my heart. I know the old castle well; it's many a long year agone since my boat has coasted along beneath the bold precipice on which it stands, and I have thought what a pity such decay should have come over it: king, baron, and squire, as they say, all gone and forgotten; but not all, if one descendant is."

"Not all, as you truly observe," said his elder companion, thoroughly reconciled, and his right hand lifted, in the energy of the moment, from the neck of the bottle—"one still survives. And you know the castle where the feet of the royal Arthur have trod. Every stone

there, young man, is precious beyond the mines of Peru, as you call it; and the very weeds give forth an odour more welcome to me than the rich spices you talk about, which are rare and savoury, no doubt.—Have ye brought any with ye home?"

"Store, my good master, store; and better things by far. And to prove my words, we'll e'en drink to the old place, or rather castle, in a flask of the choice Madeira I spoke of; 'twill make the blood of all your ancestors come into your cheeks, and keep off the rough hand of Time, that he mayn't lay ye among them for many a long year to come. They sleep cold, Master Trenlyon,—they sleep cold beneath every wind of heaven, and lash of the sea; and the nettle and the hemlock are around their tombs."

He rose from the table, and soon produced from an adjoining apartment a large bottle, whose amber hue, as it caught the glance of the flame, might have tempted St. Neot to forget his devotion to the pure element.

The expressive organ of the Squire actually laughed in his head at the sight; for one moment, Uter and Merlin were all alike forgotten, who, in the days of their glory, had never such nectar placed before them; his hands, as was his wont in the plenitude of satisfaction, were thrust into the band that confined his nether garments; and he gave way to a fit of musing,—whether, by the workings of his really fine forehead, it was on deep and ancient things, could not decidedly be guessed; but he was startled by the sound of the rich wine gurgling into the goblet beside him.

"Here's to the last successor of the lords of Tintayel," said the traveller, raising the cup to his lips.

"Ay, ay," said the senior, his marble features rubied high by the generous liquor; "those were glorious times.—You have seen the caverns in the rocks beneath the walls. When the concourse of knights, and lords, and armed men that came to pay court to the renowned king, were too many for the castle rooms to hold,

they lodged them in these caverns. Armour has been found there, urns, and rings of gold too. Many a long hour have I sat and watched there, but heard nought save the waters beneath, and the cry of the curlews, and then I thought of the feasts and banquetings that were held there of old,

> 'When the knights of Trenlyon
> All in gilded armour shone.'

"But what a pity such a race must so soon expire!" said the youth: "you are the last squire, the very cable end, as we may say—the *ultima thulé*, as Drake said when we first saw Cape Horn,—of the old and noble line; and you leave no successor, and grey hairs are on your head; the old sea-beat walls of Tintayel are not more hopeless—by this yellow goblet, the very name will perish, and be no more heard of!"

"It will so, Stephen,—it will so," said the hostess; "I've often tould him so, and counselled to take a wife, and keep the name up:

and not be like the old yew-tree afore the church porch, all lonely and left, the very branches peelin' day after day, and the birds o' the air mocking the thin and dyin' leaves. When he 's laid in the grave, who 'll weep and wail for the last o' the family, or care if he sleeps aniest the old tombs under the castle walls, or upon the downs with the fern for a shroud?"

All eyes were turned on him who was the object of the last sentences; even Betsy, roused by the force of the appeal, lifted hers for a moment from her handywork, to fix their mild gaze on his person.

Wholly discomfited,—in part by the united attack made on his past life and future prospects, and in part by the self-accusing thoughts that rose, spite of himself, in rapid succession,—Trenlyon reclined his form on the back, or rather the corner of the settle, his look bent sadly yet straightly before him, his lips closed, and his hands gently clasped.

No more came the golden dreams of past as well as future splendour in castle and in hall; no more the proud visions of his immortal ancestry; but the sad desolation of the house, the extinction of the name, fell with sweeping power on his spirits. As the dying embers on the hearth grew paler, the shades of Gothlois Arthur, and she herself, the lovely but faithless Igerna, passed before his mental eye, and seemed to upbraid their fallen descendant, that, after a thousand ages of renown, the line was at last to expire and be forgotten—ay, be as the things that had never been. And he might—yes, he might have prevented it: the deep sigh, that issued more than once, told the secret anguish and upbraiding. On the forehead there was a frown that had begun to lour at the insolence offered to his person; but the humbled and mortified expression of the lower part of the countenance told another tale.

"You take the thing too deeply," said the dame: "to be sure, I always thoft it strange

that mistress Bridget and you should ha' lived like two hermits in a cave, and think so much about people and gentry that are quiet and gone so many years, and never about those that are to come after ye.—But fill the Squire's glass, and he'll revive."

This was done with a ready hand by the younger guest; and as willingly, but more slowly, was that of the other extended to grasp, and raise it to his lips. Deep and harrowing must the sorrow be that will not recoil, at least for a time, before the influence of generous wine: the features grew brighter, and the recumbent head raised itself from the breast on which it had sunk; he sent a serious yet calm glance around.

"The days that are passed can ne'er come again, my friends. Tintayel cannot be raised from its ruins again; not even Merlin's hand could restore their splendour to the walls of my ancestors. Neither can a future progeny appear to transmit the name of Trenlyon and Ar-

thur down to other times: the hope is departed that was with me as a 'meteor in my way, and beneath the tent in strange lands,' as Baron Robert said, when dying in Hungary, upon his pilgrimage to the Land of Promise. He was the seventh from the present, and was son to Lady Mabel."

It is singular, how far the consciousness of having said a good thing, even on our own misfortunes, will tend to reconcile us to them! The spirit of the lonely Squire revived: he cast a gracious regard on the fair and youthful widow, who sat near him; perhaps, because he thought they were both "cast forth companionless on life's rude shore." If so, the comparison was not a just one, and did more credit to his vanity than the correctness of his feeling. The widow was a woman on whom men still gazed with pleasure; and those who sought a mate might travel the wilds and weary hills, far and near, and not find one more to their taste.

But the hapless descendant of Tintavel's lords

was in the vale of his strength and comeliness; though he brushed Time stoutly aside, he could not avoid the touch of his ruthless hand, that had silvered his noble forehead.

The village beauties, in spite of the firm step and resolved and uplifted countenance with which he approached them, might not be lured, even by the lustre of his lineage, to think of love. No soft and tender sentiment hovered around his form or aspect; from the latter of which it seemed as if, in moments of irritation, the grim knights of his ancestor's round table looked forth.

The sailor's countenance glowed with pleasure from a higher source, it should seem, than the rich contents of the flask that stood before him; and with better hope than his more elderly neighbour could ever have cherished. He talked faster, and his descriptions grew still more florid, till he was interrupted by the loud and somewhat sarcastic tone of the hostess.

"Ye go ower fast, young man, for us staid and home-keepin' people to follow ye. Moun-

tains of gold dust, and rivers runnin' with silver grains, that one can take up in the hand, as you would the hurtles from the hill side. If so be 'tis true, people would'n be fighting at home here for the shadow o' power, when such wealth, that 's far sweeter, might be had for crossing the seas."

"Ay, mother, that 's well said; but the hand that picks up the gold in that country is like first to be red with blood. Think ye, that men will let the stranger come and rifle their treasures, and not watch night and day to defend them?"

"And if blood must be shed, let it be in a far countrie, and not around one's own hearth, and aneath one's own roof-tree. Would our fathers, that's laid by the ould oaks in the church-yard, ha' dreamed that their sons would draw blade against each other's bosom,—one for king, and the other for country? No, no, Stephen; the liberty they talk of is an aery and unquiet thing, and won't dure like your moun-

tains o' gould, if ye were ever upon them too. For them a man might well risk his life; for they must be fair to look at, and far fairer to touch. Gould will e'en 'take wings and fly away,' as 'tis said, from a fool's hand, but ne'er from a wise one's. 'Tis the best and truest friend, ye'll e'er find,—ay, truer and more durin' than husband, wife, or child."

"Not so, mother," said the mild voice of Elizabeth; "you do not right to compare riches with such ties as those: they are selfish, and, alas! far more durin'; but cannot warm the heart and make it happy like its own best love."

"Warm the heart, child!—And how long, think ye, will its best love do that? All the summer long, no doubt, when there's nought but green leaves, and fair fruits, and skies, and all is sunshine; but when winter, (and 'twill come to love too,) with its snaws and blasts, and howlin' winds, will it dure for ever? No, dinna dream it. Look at your own warm hearth, an' the fire

cracklin' louder than the storm without—is it love makes it bleeze?—and the roof-tree yonder, wi' fleeches o' bacon hangin' like bees in a clump. Had I thoft and greeted so much about the heart, when my two good men went to their lang home, the 'Ivy-bush,' had ne'er sheltered my grey head so cannily, nor your young ane either, my child."

"It's very true; there can't be a doubt," observed Mr. Trenlyon, labouring evidently with some choice idea: "but there's a grand difference in time o' life, as well as in other respects' The two husbands you have lost, fell away one o' them, as ye observe yourself, dame, in the winter of his life, as well as love, if there was ever much atween ye; and t'other by over drinkin'. I kenned them well: they weren't likelie men as her husband, that died so soon after marriage; they hadn't the same clear blue eye and keenlie form."

The look that was raised by the youthful relict towards the speaker, at this moment,

might well have infused soft and sweet impressions into the mind of a less vain and older man.

"And who ever thoft, Squire, to hear you uphold sitch a part? And why, man, if ye can talk about it in that way,—why did ye ne'er try yourself that love is a bright and cheery thing to begin with, like that bush o' furze just clapt upon the awndyern, pitching its flame and heat far over the wearie and shiverin' man, and makin' every eye dance wi' joy? But wait a while; ay, e'en now, it sinks into a low, and dreels away by inches, and the wind down the chimlie whiffs aside the leavings that don't warm nor glow."

"'That's over hard, dame, and shall not pass without question, any more than my mountains of gold. You 've seen and marked much of the world, and steered your course well, but with far too wary an eye and keen a hand to let the heart have its own play. Had your feet been where mine have passed, instead of being shut up in this village, you 'd have seen the thirst of

riches yield to that for a dark eye and a fond spirit."

"And trow ye, young man," replied the hostess, in a sharper tone, and with a wave of her long hand, that was intended to be decisive, "because you have wandered over far lands, and taken part in wild deeds, that ye ken better than one who has known the ups and downs, the wailins and soughs o' life—how men will work their own destruction, and slide into the pit, though it be by a ladder o' silk; and that wouldna cost a trifle either, by what I gave for Betsy's roquelay? Ye know the proverb, 'there's no downs without an eye, or hedge without ears,' and few things or people that ha' happened within these walls have scaped me. You 've wandered for small good, not to ken that over a dusty bottle, or a foaming tankard, men, both soul and feelin', hope and purpose, are more open and unwily, than when the hour o' battle is comin', or the spirit is stringed to work its own fell wages."

"Men follow the trade of fighting now," re-

plied the youth, " for the mere love of it, and hatred of one another. The thirst of wealth has little to do with it; and that of woman, that I say still is the best worth hard blows, is quenched in the fiercer passions. But will they last, like that, think you? 'Tis for religion, say some, which they know little of, but the name; or for the Commons, or the Crown, of which they know far less, and whose weal or ill will ne'er travel to these wild parts. You ne'er saw such times, dame; and sure I am, you ne'er foresaw them."

" Ded I not? ye speak like a younklin': hav'n I hearkened to the stifled murmurs by night, that came like the distant moan of the sea. Men ha' feared, maybe, to speak over their bottle; even when I've fetched up the strongest and ouldest, and they were drouthy and weary, and the fire burned bright, and the settle at their back closed in like a net to shut out the world, they woud'n speak their deep thoughts; but I ha' marked the stern, thoughtful look, and the partin' whispers out o' doors

have reached me. Then the pedlar's voice oft was no more cheery, nor his step as light as it wont to be, and the churl sometimes stood at the porch and drank, and passed without shaking the dust from his feet. But the armed man, ay, and of high degree, has been fain to seek the shelter of the Ivy-bush; and there was a scowl upon his forehead, and he look'ed round with a quick and fierce look. For the knight's home had been harried by the Parliament people, and rank and pride o' blood were all fallin' with his fallin' King; and his spirit coud'n stoop to it."

A kind of smile sat upon the speaker's face at her own description, and her large eye kindled with animation; for her own wrestling with the trials of life, and long experience of them, had given a hardness to her spirit, that made her look on the storm that was gathering round with a feeling, little allied to sympathy.

"You have somewhat of the warlock in you, surely, dame," said the adventurer; "and since

you have foreseen these things so clearly, mayhap you can tell what part I 'm to take in them; for, by St. Neot! our old patron, it baffles my own guess as yet."

"And why should you meddle in these fierce troubles?" said the daughter, in a tone of voice that called up the brightness of hope to the other's eyes; "you have had your share of strife and adventure in a distant land; and having haply been spared, do not rashly engage here in what does not concern you."

"There are thousands engaging in this struggle whom it concerns as little as me," he replied. "Besides, I lack employment for mind and body; they have both been on too exciting a field of action the last few years, to come and rust idly at home. To sit down on the bench without, maybe, at sunset, and talk with the wise people of the village; or saunter along the headlands, and look at the small craft skimming along in shore. I'd as soon be kept in the old keep of Tintayel, or in the mines of Peru, and take leave of the sun at once: if so

be he brought no change to me, but rose and fell upon the same dull houses and narrow lanes."

Arthur Trenlyon would undoubtedly have resented this attack on the quiet dignified life he had led so long, and with so much satisfaction to his own ideas; but, having been supplied with the then almost novel luxury of tobacco by his companion, he was at this moment completely enveloped in the fumes he had raised, and was perfectly inattentive to aught that was passing around him. From amidst the dense shroud that had gathered round his head, his eyes looked forth with most complacent brightness; his lips, closed on the beloved weed, forgot to vindicate the prowess of his line, either in love or war; and the world, its woes and cares, were passing from his mental vision, like the clouds that rose and curled and passed away amidst the sooty and darkened rafters of the ceiling.

"You are a wanderin', and, I might say, a graceless lad, Stephen, but that I deem there 's

still good in your heart," rejoined the hostess; "ne'er glory so much in what you ha' seen of strange lands and marvels, and what your hand, maybe, has done; it's a woe to your young life, to have kenned so many changes. Will the sole o' your foot ever have rest, think ye?—if so, why not aneath your own leu dwellen, with the sound o' your own trees, and the sight o' your meadow afore the door?—you 'll ne'er find others sweeter."

"It may be so, and your words sound like truth," said the other thoughtfully; "but it's hard to sit down and rest, and take to some dull calling, maybe, in these stirring times too. "I could ne'er take pleasure by day, or sleep quiet at night, when such a stake was playing for around me."

"You had better, young man,—you had better, though your eyes ken no slumber, or your soul ken no rest. The foughten field, men say, is drear to look upon; but t'will be far drearer when destruction comes inside the door, even to the chimlie neuk and the sanded par-

lour; when men glare upon each other from the cosie settle or arm-chair—upon those of their own keene too; and long to drench the blade, yet red from the field, in the blood they belonged to. A strife like this is not like the strife o' nations."

"I'll hearken no more to your warnings," said the other; "they're enough to make a man forego every purpose of his soul, whether for weal or woe. Do you think that Cortez would e'er have taken the great king from his throne, a low man as he was too, and made gold and silver like the stones of the streets, if he had loved his own home so dearly, or feared to shed blood in war? But you never heard of his name — how should you in this place? But it grows late; the fire burns low; and the last drop of the good wine is out, as is the good gentleman's pipe too."

"'Tis that smoky harb and the strange wine have kept him to sitch an hour; he's always in his home afore this; for his hours, as one may say, go like the church bell; and well

I ken, Mistress Bridget, his sister will fume and fret for this night's work."

He who was thus spoken of, rose slowly from his seat at the intimation, yet with something of a discomposed look; for the lapse of time, that had escaped attention in the heat of the discourse, now became evident to all. He drew his cloak closely round his neck, bowed with a gracious look to the younger female, with a more dignified one to the rest of the party, and with a quick step withdrew to his own dwelling. The young man seemed to be disposed to linger yet a while over the darkening hearth, and sweeten with converse the dead hours, as they might be called, of the night, for not a sound was heard without the walls of the hostel. This desire was effectually obstructed by the mistress, who reminded him in a sharp tone that it was high time for all honest folk to be a-bed, pointing, at the same time, to a small rush-light that burned on an adjoining table. Then loudly and clearly 'gan the despotic voice of the dame to ring through the kitchen and hall, as,

emerging her rather tall figure from the ancient and massive oaken chair, she cast a keen glance around. "Deborah, ye giftless mallin, d'ye na see the shape (disorder) the Squire ha' made with that outlandish plant 'pon the planked floor, that was fresh sanded and tided afore sunrise? Would he ha' done the like in his own parlour? that's no better looked after, or tidier, whatever his sister may say, the carkin' ould body; that marvels, she says, what he can find, that's come o' such race, in such a place as the Ivy-bush. The smoky rafter, rest us sure," with an uplifted and complacent look, "is a strong one and well upheld; others may be plastered and in stone houses, and rooms garnissed wi' wanescot, but they are fallin',—ay, it's a sinkin' house, knights and princes, and warlocks and Druids too, for what I ken.—Richie, what sound is that I hear outside? it's no horse's tramp o' this drear night, and so late; nor the dull bang of the waves; it's the great yard gate that's left open, and wizzing to and fro in the wind, you trouless man, that would

dream and doze upon a rick o' furze, that was afire around ye." Thus saying, and with a few muttered complaints, or rather reflections, that kept time with her retreating footsteps, the mistress of the Ivy-bush withdrew to steep her manifold cares and designs in forgetfulness.

CHAPTER V.

"In the cathedral's gloom I pass'd my time,
Much in devotion, much in thought sublime,
There oft I paced the aisles, and watch'd the glow
Of the sun setting on the stones below."

CRABBE.

IT was yet an hour ere sunset, and the fading beams threw their yellow and cloudless hue on bank and stream, on wood and lawn, which spread around the venerable church and Gothic towers of St. Germain's. Composed and beautiful as was the scene, it did not seem that any of the tenants of the fifty or sixty dwellings, that rose among the trees hard by, and formed the village of the same name, were very susceptible, for scarcely a being was visible. The

love of picturesque beauty is a thing of modern growth, at least in the territory that is now before us, where the baron, whose dark tower looked forth on ocean and valley, and the wealthy yeoman, his mansion almost embedded amidst his fat lands, felt it as little as the beeves that grazed, or the game that ran wild there.

There was certainly an exception to this general want of taste in the persons of two individuals who walked slowly along the edge of the lake, an "old man and stricken in years," with a young and fair woman.

The former leaned on his staff with one hand, while the other was locked in the arm of his daughter, who seemed to measure her light and elastic step to his feebleness. His eye was chiefly bent on the ground, from which it was at times withdrawn, as her voice invited him to regard some surrounding object, while her free glance roamed restlessly over wood and steep. The sheet of water, on whose bank their steps passed, was formed by the junction of the rivers Teidi and Lynher; the former of which was

navigable. A few barks were seen passing up and down the stream, their white sails scarcely moved by the declining breeze.

"A fine evening this," said the elder personage, "a very fine evening, and the mildness of the air is remarkable at this time of the year."

"It is a most lovely one," replied the other; "and is the more welcome, as we could hardly look for it, so close on the drear winter months; for the fresh leaves on the trees seem waiting for the first blast to part them."

"Yes, it will be so:—one season goes and another comes; sunshine and storm, heat and snow. But do you observe, child, the top of that Gothic tower to the right? There are three stones unhappily dislodged from it, close to the battlement; what would the good bishop, St. Germaine, of Auxerre, have said, to whom it was dedicated? Three square stones; they were carved with the cross and mitre, and the arms of Auxerre beneath."

"Do you mean the chasm on which the

golden light is just now resting? Yes, it is very distinct; and was caused, I believe, by the high wind of last December, that sunk more than one bark in the river, and tore up some of the finest trees by the roots."

"Don't talk of trees; that Gothic tower of St. Germain's is the rarest, as well as most ancient piece of building in the county. It was built, my love, by Athelstan, and afterwards it was well endowed by Canute. What a noble circular sweep the arch of the gateway beneath has! and the four pillars on each side, with their fine mouldings and foliage. Then the pediment over the arch, with a cross at the top. One might stand there from sunrise to set, and never feel tired."

"You have sometimes done nearly as much, Sir; and I fancy at times I could linger there as long, when the tower flings its long shadow in the sun, and not a footstep is heard to pass near."

"Ah, that tower! One of the windows,

indeed, is almost hid by the ivy, that defacer of antiquity; though you, child, look upon it as a beauty, ridiculously enough."

"I do not love to see antiquity bare, and exposed to all the fury of heaven—a dark shroud of foliage looks as graceful on it as grey hairs do to the aged. Do you not think the ancient turret of Stowe is far more fine and impressive for the rich mantle that has clothed it, they say, for ages?"

"That is a rare and venerable pile; it was built by Richard de Granville, in the reign of the second Henry: he was a pious and aged man, and a good Catholic; and died far away, when journeying with the pilgrim's staff and scallop along the plains of Hungary. He gave that Norman character to the edifice, for which it is justly admired, as more massive and imposing than the modern innovations and lighter style."

"But is it not a pity," said the lady, "that the monastery that adjoined the cathedral is suppressed? How impressive they must have

stood, side by side, amidst the deep wood! for there were few houses on the spot then. I often fancy at evening, when passing by, that I hear the convent bell sending its solemn sounds along the lake, and the deep chanting of the monks mingling with the plash of the waters.—You say they were entirely dispersed?"

"They were; and I have often heard my father say it was a sad scene: it was a dark hour, Eleanor, for the land. Since those excellent bishops, St. Germaine and St. Lupus of Troy, came here in 429, when the priory was founded, it stood in prosperity and peace, with a sufficient income, and enough, ay, more than enough, of this world's comforts, a full thousand years."

"What a drear change," she replied, "for the inmates of the convent, to quit their woods and noble home for ever! The tombs also of so many generations of fathers who died there, seem now like those of the stranger; they are covered with weeds, and half hid by the thistle and fern. The last time I was there, it was a

cloudy day, and the wind blew wildly around the deserted place."

"But there is one tomb at least," was the answer, "in the cathedral wall, with a mitred figure carved above; and hard by are the names of the illustrious prelates in due order, who had entire sway over the church in the province, ere it was made shipwreck of.—Would that we had lived in those days, Eleanor! you might then have been abbess of some well-endowed convent, as your great aunt was, who died in the odour of a long life of penance and sanctity."

She to whom this remark was addressed, looked as if the situation would not have been one she would have rushed to seek; there was too much of power in that face and form, over the thoughts of others without the walls of a convent, to render her very desirous of trying their influence within.

"The sun is now set," she said; "his last beams have long passed from the pinnacles of the tower and the loftiest trees on the hill. The air from the lake is chill and damp, and

my sister will wait impatiently for our return, for you are not used to be out at so late an hour."

Her companion acquiesced, and they turned from the water-side, already freshened by the rising breeze; and soon entered the lawn that led to their home.

This home was situated on an eminence not far from the village, and could not be called a plain or handsome, but rather a stately dwelling, for it was formerly the episcopal palace of St. Germain's. The present owner would have shrunk from inhabiting a place so sacred, and would have deemed it little better than a piece of sacrilege, had he not been urged by the strong desire to preserve it from insult and dilapidation. To effect this purpose, he had purchased it from the interested hands into which it had fallen, and had quitted his own residence long since, for that afforded by the episcopal roof. It was too spacious for the number of its present inmates: the many apartments were no longer filled by priestly dependents or re-

tainers; the wandering knight or noble, and the weary pilgrim, came not there, as of yore, to share the hospitality as well as luxury of the dwelling. Externally, in spite of the pains bestowed to baffle the footsteps of Time, it was evidently following slowly, yet surely, the fate of the ruined cathedral. No outlay or repairs attendant on such a residence, (and these were neither "few or far between,") could materially damp the exquisite pleasure the present proprietor derived from going down the vale of life under such a roof. The warm attachment to that "ancient faith" had a considerable share in producing this state of feeling, as well as the reflection, that his feet paced every day the same halls that had been trodden by the steps of the many illustrious heads and rulers of the church; the very breath of whose learning and piety seemed still to hover round the walls and ceiling of each decaying apartment. The only distinctive mark that attached to the building, more than to other ancient chateaus, were the armorial bearings of the bishop, sur-

mounted by the cross and mitre, carved in stone over the dark and heavy gateway. Neither elegance nor sumptuousness had perhaps ever reigned in the mansion, or the proprietor, into whose hands the church domains fell at the time of the Reformation, would hardly have turned the priory, the habitation of the monks, into a fair and goodly edifice, and utterly slighted the episcopal dwelling.

Had St. Germaine himself sought shelter or lodging beneath the roof, once reared under his own eyes, he could not have said, sacrilegious hands have been here,—so rigidly, so inviolably had each fragment of priestly use or ornament, each article of faded furniture, each painting on the darkened walls, been preserved and watched over.

Few trees stood near: the deep and lovely woods which filled the vale below, and circled like a rampart round the cathedral and its lofty towers, did not climb the hill. The want of shade around the edifice, as well as shelter from the often bleak easterly winds, was atoned

for by the fine and extensive view they commanded. This view comprised the windings of the river Lynher, and the small lakes formed by the meeting of this and other streams, along whose course, barks were often passing. The dark and dreary wilds of Dartmoor were in the distance; while the lofty hills, dignified by the natives with the name of mountains, of Hengston and Brownwilly, rose far and boldly to the west.

The house from which the present family was descended, was a very ancient one; the ruins of the mansion of Sir Nicholas Dawnay, in which he resided in the reign of Edward the First, and the venerable parish-church of Sheviock, erected at his expense, bespeak his opulence and liberality. In the southern aisle of this church, still exists a sumptuous monument, with the full-length statues of Sir Edward Courtenay, son of the Earl of Devon, and Emmeline Dawnay, his wife; the knight in plate armour, and the lady in the dress of Edward's time. The present branch of the

family had long lived in high esteem and tranquillity in this neighbourhood, with here and there some thorns sown in their path, on account of the gradual decay of the faith of Rome, to which they retained an inviolable adherence. The tenants of the mansion consisted of Mr. Dawnay and his two daughters, one of whom had accompanied him in this evening's ramble. The old man had mused sometimes in sadness on his want of a son; but for many years, and particularly since the death of his wife, the unchanging kindness and affection of his daughters had made him banish every repining thought, in the delightful consciousness that his gray hairs were going down into the grave in peace. His strong attachment to monastic ruins was perhaps his richest resource: there was hardly a fragment of a priory, chapel, or oratory in the province, on whose former glory and territory he had not thrown, in his opinion, the clearest light. In truth, his sentiments on all such subjects were willingly submitted

to and reverenced by his neighbours; and he had not the misery of seeing any rival system opposed to his own.

On returning from their distant ramble, Mr. Dawnay and his favourite companion found that the last light of day had faded from their path, ere they reached the gate of their dwelling. They were received, on entering, by the warm greeting of the other sister, mingled with some censure at the unusual lateness of the hour.

"You know, Sir," she said, "that when the top of Brownwilly becomes dark in the distance, your feet are rarely out; and the dews fall now so early and heavily, that it is not safe for you to be wandering on the green turf."

"It was the beauty of the evening, Catherine, that tempted us to exceed our usual limits. The first days of spring are too welcome to be slighted; and of all the year, you know, they are my favourite ones.—I never saw the Gothic towers of the cathedral look

finer than they did two hours since," continued the father. "Years seem to add fresh grace to them, — that sort of neglected, yet proud majesty, that they never probably had in the day of their prosperity. — But let us enter the parlour, and see whether a warm hearth and good cheer are to be found there. Time was, they overflowed to all comers. Good Prior Seymour, who was the last, when taking his evening refection at my father's, used to say, 'plain fare, with a contented heart, was better than a banquet'; but that's not every one's notion."

They now entered the apartment in which the daily repasts were taken, whose smooth and finely polished floor of wood was almost insecure to the foot. The heavy arched windows, larger than in most private houses, gave ample light, which was the more necessary fromthe dark wainscoting of the walls. These, and the ceiling also, had a very antique as well as imposing appearance, from the somewhat strange and massive carving

that adorned them, chiefly illustrative of Scriptural subjects. The apartment had been the good bishop's refectory, who probably wished to keep higher themes in his view, at the hour that the senses were wont to be indulged. A large and still undecayed painting of St. Anthony in the Desert, over the chimney, seemed to be a proof of this; yet even his uplifted hand and stern eye would have failed to keep terrestrial things out of the thoughts of the spectators, had their looks rested on the group now seated at the table. On each side of the heavy and aged chair, that had once served many a spiritual lord, sat a fair female. Their figures and countenances bore a strong resemblance to each other; the former being about the middle height, with the same fine proportion and ease and grace of movement. A stranger, who for the first time listened to the voices of the sisters, and gazed on their features, on which the light from the tapers was now thrown, would have said they were twin beings, be-

tween whom nature, as well as education, had left scarcely a shade of difference. The minds, however, and habits of feeling, as well as the expression of the countenances, if closely observed, were as widely apart as possible. The younger was a devoted Catholic, for her family had ever been of that faith; her reading, scanty as it was, had been given chiefly to works of devotion, or of knightly story, and chivalrous achievement, in the chronicles of France, as well as of her own country. The impassioned recollections thus created, were, she saw with joy, about to be realized in the stern contest that had now broken out; in which the brave, the young, the illustrious, both in name and descent, had all embarked hand and heart in what, in her eye, was a sacred cause,—the defence of oppressed and insulted royalty.

She watched the strife with a breathless interest, that even surprised herself, and was utterly at variance with the quiet she affected. Visits to the neighbouring cottages sometimes

filled up her hours; and the poor and friendless had blessed the lady's form, as if it were that of a ministering angel. Yet, had an armed knight met her path on her return, his rich armour, worn and bloody, his features and accent flushed with victory in some recent achievement, her spirit would have owned a higher joy than the relief of the wretched had given. Perhaps it was the blood of one of her ancestors, Reginald Dawnay, a renowned knight in field and tournay, that circled in her veins, and warred with the calmer tide that led only to kind and gentle things. The countenance was in unison with the soul: in the full dark eye there was a repose, a mildness, and, at times, a melancholy expression; it was only at intervals it was quick and hurried, and then a light flashed from it, that would have roused the armed man to snatch fame at any price.

Her sister, elder a year only, was a being of a different order; one that a man would have chosen to be his companion through the world, to have shared his perils, and sweetened his every

joy. She would have drawn that joy from the bosom of misfortune; for darkness or misery could not dwell with the spirit of him who was loved by Catherine Dawnay. In spite of the prejudice of ages, and the example of a long line of ancestry, she had given the preference, if the expression may be used, to the Protestant faith above her own. This was not the course a light or ordinary mind could have taken; the hold which the sentiments of her family possessed on her attachment, though less strong than on that of her sister, would in most cases have been sufficient to defend them from innovation; but that innovation had come slowly and gently, and she had the address, as well as the affection, to conceal it from her father's knowledge, whose grief at the circumstance would have been as intense, probably, as if the cathedral and its beloved towers had been suddenly levelled with the dust. Eleanor was the old man's favourite; for she loved like himself the walk to the ruin, and the deep woods that rose round the half-sunken walls they had once

shaded. To zealous Catholics; to those who beheld the bent form, white locks, and eager glance of the elder, wandering amidst the revered remains of their priory, it seemed that the exiled prelate had risen again to mark and mourn over the places of his former sway, attended by some youthful saintess, whose fixed and earnest look, pale countenance, and silent footstep invested her, by the failing twilight, with more of the qualities of another world than of this. She was of a retired and pensive cast of mind, loving the stillness and beauty of her own woods and waters, more than the liveliest circles. Catherine, of a gayer mood, sought society more, in which she was greatly admired for her wit and sprightly conversation; though they did not spare at times the weaknesses of others.

Such was the group that was now seated gaily at the table around the evening repast. The hour at which this was taken was somewhat later than usual; it was light yet choice, for the master of the family was a little of a *bon vivant*. "While

we are in luxury," said Mr. Dawnay, casting a gratified look at the viands, "his Majesty probably has an humble roof and coarse cheer for his portion. The hands of evil men are strong against him; and the altar—I mean that which now is—will go down with the throne. The very remains too, Eleanor,—the walls, cloisters and churches that Time has spared, will be levelled by the hands of these ruthless Republicans."

"I cannot believe," she replied, "that they will carry their enthusiasm, or rather madness, so far: such wanton destruction could not aid their cause, which is already stained with too many brutal deeds."

"They have done these deeds though, in their blind folly," he replied, "on more than one occasion. If they have ravaged more lordly places, will they spare the walls of St. Germain's? They will look upon it as a hold of the author of evil, as a stain upon the land, and a tower of refuge for heathenism and idolatry to creep into and make themselves strong."

"I have no fears for the still goodly towers," said Catherine, "save it is to see cannon planted within the arches, and its massive proportions and spacious interior turned into a place of defence. The forces of the Parliament are evil enough disposed; but the conduct of their leaders has hitherto been marked more by policy and worldly prudence than by blind zeal."

"St. Benedict preserve us," he said, "from ever seeing our peaceful neighbourhood turned into a place of war! I'd rather these eyes might take their last look of the world, ere the scene they have loved so dearly to gaze on was defaced and degraded by the outrages of these lawless men."

"There can be little danger of either surely," rejoined the youngest daughter, "when we think of the forces that are assembling for the defence of the province, and the leaders that are chosen. There is the noble Sir Beville, and Berkeley, and Trevanion:". here a deep blush, in spite of all her efforts, came over her pale features.

" They are men of note and experience, no doubt," he answered, " save the latter, who is rather too young to have made his essay in war. —Alas! how many will make their first and only one in this unhappy contest, and stake life and fortune on the issue! The ancient and holy faith of the land fell almost without a blow: men saw the saints and martyrs they had loved and adored torn from their shrines, and who lifted a hand in their defence, or to revenge the insults offered them? Now the veriest churl glories in being roused to feel an interest; the most abject peasant talks and acts as if the cause was to him the first and dearest on earth."

" Perhaps it in part is because men think they understand the one, and that the other is shrouded in sacredness and mystery," said the elder sister. " The poorest cottager begins to comprehend the difference between freedom and oppression: he is told that the burdens of the Crown are grievous; he feels that they are heavy to be borne;—and the state

of things held out, though mistakenly, as a reward for his revolt, is to his view like the land of Utopia, that you admire so much, Eleanor, and would fain believe it existed."

The latter was roused by these words from a momentary reverie, in which the war and its chances were flitting across her fancy.

"The land of Utopia," she replied, "More's beautiful fiction, that more resembles reality, or what the world should be, and perhaps might be—what has it to do with the present state of things, in which all around us appears to be changing? But a few years past, the Pontiff's rule was broken for ever; the King was the head of the Church, and all homage, temporal and spiritual, was paid him; now they cast him off from being monarch, and, not content with that, are setting up a new faith in place of the former. It is a land of change: better to exist at once in a realm of fiction, than to be where the thrones of yesterday are but shadows to-day."

"Well spoken, my child, and most justly,"

said the old man, with an eye sparkling with pleasure. "The empire of ages, as it may be called, cannot be overthrown so easily; and the sanctuary trodden under foot, will perhaps rise again."

CHAPTER VI.

"And the bright tints of early day
Were glimmering through the ivy spray,
Where hermit, wandering from his cell,
His rosary might love to tell."

SCOTT.

THE ensuing day came lovelier than the preceding on the glades and lawns that spread around the faded cathedral and fading palace of St. Germain's. Nobly rose the former amidst its deep and lofty woods, that shaded the dark walls from the fierce glare that rested on bank, stream, and cottage: beautifully did the sunbeams, that pierced amidst the moveless branches, fall through the empty arches on the tombs, crosses, and scattered relics of the area within. Surely, had the people who in

ancient times bowed down to stocks and stones, ever beheld a magnificent ruin, they had knelt on the sands and rocks around. Could the race of Egypt, who hewed out enormous statues, have seen how poor and mean their broken forms would in a few ages appear, and how sublime in decay their glorious temples;—how like the dwelling-places of gods they stand in the desert! so still, so awful, so eternal!—they would have reverenced, like the Israelites, the tabernacles of their own hands, and trembled to enter their portals. Never are the works of men's hands so imposing as when time has shorn their freshness and splendour, but left entire the majesty of their proportions, with here and there many a fragment of exquisite beauty; when the voice and the footsteps of man alike are fled, and the desert has come around and claimed them for her own. Then does the stranger, making his painful way through waves of sand, gaze with a breathless admiration, that while palace and garden, forest and field, have disappeared before the

ravages of Nature, the long flights of columns still rise round rifled edifice and altar, in proud and beautiful array, like eternal guardians of the place, that the rush of years may never break asunder. And a similar, though far fainter impression was made on the spectator by the venerable remains of the deserted cathedral, the former seat of the church's empire in the province. And Mr. Dawnay might well be pardoned the enthusiastic feelings with which he always regarded them; in fact, had they been composed of the same material as the precious palace of Noureddin, no miser could have hung over them with more intense satisfaction. The hand of devastation had spared a few of the revered appendages of the place; not aware, perhaps, of their exquisite value in the eyes of the few votaries that remained. Within a deep niche of the interior wall, not far from the gateway, still stood and smiled a small image, in white marble, of the good St. Etha, or St. Teath, as it was more vulgarly called, to whom a collegiate church of some note in the

neighbourhood had been dedicated. Here a passenger was sometimes seen to enter and pause, and pay his devotions before the slighted and almost forgotten relic. The torrent of the Reformation had swept away the mass of the adherents of the fallen faith, and among the few families who still preserved their attachment to it undiminished, was the noble one of Arundel, and two or three others, who, though of less rank, were affluent and well connected. To the latter belonged the individual who was now silently kneeling before the half-shrouded figure, around whose head the ivy had gathered. The form of Eleanor Dawnay could not be mistaken: the elegance of its proportion and attitude; the pale-coloured shawl that hung loosely behind, leaving part of the neck, and the raven ringlets that sported on it, exposed. St. Etha had been made what might be called her guardian saint, or patroness, by her mother. It is said, that companionship in adversity knits together the spirits of the sufferers:—this could not be the feeling here;

but it seemed as if there was a sympathy between the suppliant and the desolate canoness. The young, admired, and enthusiastic woman had long taken a vivid pleasure in visiting and watching over the existence of this lonely shrine. But for her guardian hand, the rich and wandering foliage would long ago have wholly enveloped it. To cull the weeds that in so rank a soil gathered fast round the spot; to chase the quadrupeds that heedlessly crept there, and repair the ravages that the winter storms sometimes caused, were the employ of many a companionless hour.

Under so fair and attentive an eye, the ancient image always looked comely and in good condition, with the exception of a few casual mutilations; and while arch, pillar, and buttress around felt daily the silent advances of time, she seemed to flourish in a tranquillity and freshness that no disorders could destroy. Wild roses clustered on each side, and threw their fragrance round the small, pure, and half-hidden niche; the nettle and the hemlock, that

festered amidst the wild cemetery hard by, were not suffered to wave their rank leaves near.

The pleasure as well as the pain ended not here: when returned to her home, at a short distance, the care for the desolate shrine of her favourite St. Etha was sometimes felt there. When the wind howled fitfully through the long night, the idea of that defenceless and unsheltered head came over her thoughts; for the blast drove through arch and gateway, and the snow fell on the roofless cathedral, and the dark hue of ages disappeared beneath their shroud; cold, cold they fell on the lonely niche and its tenant.

Often with the returning morn her footsteps trod the path to the sanctuary, whether the sun shone brightly, or the blast swept keenly by.

Catherine had poured ridicule on this weakness, as she termed it; and assured her sister, she deserved to be canonized for her noble defiance of the elements, and restless zeal, which her patroness could scarcely fail richly to reward. "Its reward is with me now," the other

would reply: "'tis the shrine my mother loved; and from childhood I have always thought St. Etha had a peculiar care for me."

As she now knelt in the green turf beneath the ancient wall, and the sunlight was flung through the heavy gateway into the area, and broke partially the deep shade that rested on aisle, pillar, and tomb, the scene and its deep stillness might have excited a less ardent fancy than her own. Her dark eye was fixed, but not in sorrow, on the faded niche; and her lips moved gently, as of one who spoke to a friend or lover, while her bonnet was laid on the grass beside.

The orisons were over, and with a lingering look at the ruined scene around, she repassed the massive portal towards her home.

By the time she arrived at the dwelling, or rather palace, as the proprietor persisted in calling it, the morning was far advanced. The loud and clear bell, that once summoned to the episcopal repasts, no longer sent forth its sounds through the numerous apartments; nei-

ther hurrying domestics, nor expecting guests, both church and laymen, now met the eye. There was a stillness as well as order in the mansion, that, while they announced it to be but partially tenanted, gave an idea of a well-ordered interior arrangement.

The threshold was, however, not rarely passed by guests, who might be said to be select rather than numerous; for the attachment of the inmates to the discarded faith of Rome, rendered them averse to mingle indiscriminately with the neighbouring families. It was not possible, however, for attractions like those the sisters possessed to be neglected, when aided also by a good dowry.

They were now about twenty-two and three years of age, and more than one disappointed lover in the neighbourhood had said, it were better the old palace were changed at once into a nunnery, since nothing could move two such capricious beings; yet so it was, as if to prove the inimitable waywardness of the female heart, that both had yielded their attachment to those

who, from their previous habits and feelings, it might have been safely sworn they would have rejected. The difference of religion, of temper, and taste, proved all too weak to avert from two young women, so situated, the slavery as well as the strife of passion. Those who laugh at the weakness and caprice of our nature, might here have found rich food for their satire. A youthful zealot, to whom all sacrifices were as nought in his onward path, fancy would have pictured for the love of Eleanor, or else a noble paladin setting out to war against the enemies of the cross; and for Catherine, a man of the world, gay and brilliant, stood the fairest chance. Fate ordered it otherwise, as if it chose to sport with the dreams each sister had richly called around her.

It was mid-day, and the inmates of the mansion were idly gazing from the large windows of the parlour, on the far and varied scene they commanded, when a cavalier, mounted on a handsome steed, was seen to advance slowly from the canopy of woods beneath, towards the dwelling.

There was no mistaking the youthful form that soon alighted at the gate; and a glow of pleasure spread itself over each fair cheek, as the word Trevanion escaped their lips. In a few minutes he entered the apartment; and though his form and features were such as few ladies would have looked on with aversion, he seemed to be heedless of every feeling, save that of being in the presence of a beloved object. He was received with kindly greeting by the old man; and the first few moments were filled by eager questions and replies. He had, in truth, much to tell of interest to himself, as well as his auditors; and the deep anxiety of his features expressed that this was not all of a favourable nature.

"You have been for a good while a stranger," said Mr. Dawnay; "we almost imagined you had set out again for the neighbouring country."

"Not so," said the other; "do not deem me such an errant: you know not what a violation of long habits and feelings such a journey was to a recluse like me; it was like the tenant of a

forest coming forth into a boundless plain, on which he knows not where to turn his steps; and yet, strange to say! mine wandered willingly and resistlessly."

"Yet, you felt pleasure, no doubt," said the younger lady, "in returning to the scenes you had loved. For my own part, I never wished to wander from them; and though less genial, perhaps, than those you have visited, they are far more varied and impressive, if I mistake not."

"They are so, without doubt," the visitor replied; "but the people are too much like their province in character, rude and sincere: they want the laughing gaiety, the eternal liveliness of their neighbours on the opposite coast. The women, too, are full of attraction; till I saw the ladies of the French court, I did not believe it possible for female fascination to be carried so far, so resistlessly, as by many of it."

"I wonder that you had fortitude to fly from their presence," said Eleanor pettishly: "do you imagine you will meet them again on the wild

strand here, or that they are to be found like wood nymphs, among the woods of Carhayes? I fear such scenes would ill suit the taste of those dames; their silken nets would be spread in vain, and would inclose no fond, credulous, wandering youth. Alas! there are no gardens of Armida amidst these wild hills."

"Spare your taunts, Eleanor," the soldier said, "and let the pale once more chase the crimson from that cheek; for I think it far more beautiful. Why did I fly!—because there were two loud and sweet voices that bid me come away. Rinaldo broke from the allurements of Armida, at the call of war, for the love of glory alone; but to me, another came also, like that of an angel; and I tarried no longer in the land of enchantments, but am come once more, as you see, like a fugitive into the wilderness."

"And how long mean you to tarry in the wilds?" said Catherine; "till its sweets are exhausted, and its fountains dried up;—and at what call will you wend your way next, or at

whose bidding? for you wear that in your aspect that tells of hopes and purposes not to be slighted."

"It is true," he said seriously; "but I will not talk of these things as yet; believe me, I feel this hour to be one of the sweetest of my life. Often, in the gay capital of the other country, or amidst its gayer court, did this dwelling and its naked eminence, and—and the beings who dwell there, come back on my thoughts, like the place of his childhood does to an exile's."

"Do you say so, Colonel?" said his host; "few exiles have ever been more welcome; you 've had a long ride, and we must yet taste a bottle of hermitage together; it has the smooth rich flavour of the Rhone, as you well know; 'twill make the passing hour pass brightly away."

"Pity that its brightness must so soon be darkened," he replied, "or that it should be the herald of a more stormy hour!"

"Is the news true," interrupted Eleanor,

"that the Royal force is assembled, and soon to advance against the rebels?"

"It is true," he answered. "I am now on my way to the place of muster of our forces; and am come to see my friends once again, ere we march against the enemy."

"Once again, Trevanion, and ere you march against the enemy?" she said, in a voice of alarm, and her dark eye lost its fire. "Your preparations are indeed hasty; we were told it would be yet some time ere you took the field."

"It would so, in truth, till December's frosts had covered the ground, but for the restless efforts of Hopton, and the devotedness and extensive influence of Granville; and we march," he continued, in a voice full of ardour, "with a force of three thousand chosen men, and choicely commanded, to Launceston,—not to garrison its old walls, but quickly to issue forth against the far superior army of the Earl of Stamford. It is a perilous enterprise, but it must be done."

Both sisters continued for a few moments

silent, though deeply interested in the intelligence. "It is sudden," murmured the younger almost unconsciously, her affection for the speaker striving fearfully with her ambition that he should gain military fame. Catherine relieved the silence by observing: "Is the neutrality, then, that we flattered ourselves would be lasting, utterly broken by the enemy? You have justice on your side, as well as the right; and these often balance superior numbers."

"The strong hand and the stout heart are a much better balance in these times; — in them we are rich indeed. Then, our chiefs are of more experience than the Republican leaders."

"But they are men of iron, these enthusiastic men," the lady rejoined, "and fancy they fight for the cause of Heaven; and that belief is often as good as spear and shield to them."

"It is true," replied the soldier; "we have had fatal proof of it on more than one occasion. It is strange to see men behave on the field with

as much union and bravery as if they had proved many a campaign; and but a few days since they were mere churls and mechanics."

"It were well, Colonel," she answered, "if some of that spirit of union and avoidance of many excesses, attached to the adherents of royalty. Would the arms of the Cavaliers have worse success, think you, if they followed St. Witholf's principle of self-denial a little oftener? Because your foes are fanatics, too many of your men of note tread in the steps of the Knights Templars; as if the banner they followed absolved them from all moral conduct, or purity of feeling."

The former only answered with a smile of contempt; and not long after, the party separated. The afternoon seemed to pass slowly away to the visitor, though every attraction was there that could give wings to time. On the eve of a dangerous, and, to appearance, almost desperate career, he had come to seek one more and decisive interview with the woman he loved.

CHAPTER VII.

> "How should thy pure and peaceful eye
> Untroubled view our scenes below?
> Or how a tearless beam supply
> To light a world of war and woe?"
>
> SCOTT.

IN the southern wing of the once episcopal domicile was a small apartment, that, from its lofty position looked on the wild heaths and hills behind, on whose confines the rich woods and lawns terminated. It had been the Bishop's dormitory: little of its ancient character could now be distinguished amidst the more tasteful arrangement and ornaments of the apartment. The emblems of mortality that had dwelt there during the abode of Robert Seymour, the last

Superior, who took pleasure, it was said, in gazing on the skull and crossed bones placed on a small table by his bed-side, were now replaced by objects that pleased more a lady's eye. The mirror stood there; and beside it was placed a small and richly illumined missal, that, though less often consulted than the former ornament, was nevertheless a favourite companion of the inmate. It had been a present from an ancient relative, who held the rank of abbess of a convent in another land, but now slept with her fathers. On a shelf on the wainscoted wall were ranged the lives of the saints, both male and female; and from their neat though worn appearance, it might be conceived they had not shared in the neglect and obloquy of those by whose fingers they were wont of yore to be pressed. Even now, the hours both of night and morn were often beguiled by their perusal, till the imagination of the fair reader was transported to scenes of suffering and victory, with an enthusiasm that, while it charmed,

unfitted her mind for the more serious and every-day prospects of life. They stood unopened now: even the volume that contained the life and rapture of Armelle Nicolas, her favourite heroine, was untouched; while the tenant of the chamber sat lost in a reverie, that, from the workings of her countenance, and the deep thought of her dark eye, was of too impassioned a character to be drawn from any thing but present and pressing realities. With her head leaning on her hand, and her look turned on the dark waste that spread far in front, Eleanor Dawnay seemed not to heed the objects on which she gazed. Her thoughts, whatever they were, were broken by the entrance of her attendant, whose voice, that went before her footsteps, would have roused Bishop Seymour himself from his slumbers. It was not particularly loud or boisterous, but had that peculiarly short and clear tone, that the ear of the most pensive and abstracted cannot withstand.

Honor Middlar, for that was her name, bent

upon her lady an earnest look, and advanced quickly towards her. Certainly, her air and figure were not exactly of that class by which we like our reveries, when they are very interesting, to be broken on. The latter was short and thick, with very little neck; and legs of not much greater longitude: the arms too, from the habit of being seldom unemployed, as well as the firm hold they took of most things, were rarely stretched out at full length; but reposed in a gentle curve, that made them appear shorter than they really were. The face was rather large for the figure, but its rotundity was redeemed by very striking features: a nose slightly Roman; a round comely chin; and a mouth that might have inspired gentle feelings, but that the full lips, that knew little closing, seemed ever on the watch for their prey, and trembled to let loose the stores of the soul. When in a passion, which it required great provocation to excite, Honor had a habit of compressing her eloquent lips; and from the rarity of this trait, it became the more impressive; while her full

blue eye told all the dark purpose within. Fixedly was it now bent on her lady, whose expression of countenance it seemed at a loss to fathom; and she knew that Time, that waited not for mistress or maid, had already swept the moment fixed for her personal services into the gulf of oblivion.

"The sun's gwein' down upon Hingston, my lady; and you arn't drest yet; and I ha' been waitin' nigh a hour to be summonsed, and I'm not the only one that's waitin'."

"Is it so late? I had forgot myself, Honor, and had no thought time fled so fast;—but 'tis to little purpose now. I shall not dress this evening, and shall be happier where I am."

"Happier where you are?" said the other, in one of her clearest tones, planting herself doggedly at her mistress's elbow, "as if there's any pleasure in looking at those black hills and moors, that are wearyin' to the very eye,—and not to be compared to a pure and handsome face, with eyne and hair as black as a coal."

"What are faces, fair or black. to you, wo-

man? or why should your tongue run on them?" was the answer in rather a displeased tone.

"What are they to me?" said the other, putting back at the same time with her small fat hand the brown locks that shaded her forehead; "Maybe not much; ten years syne, I might ha' had my pickin' out of all in the parish; but I loved his honour's sarvice too well to take up wi' them. There's John Tresize, and one or two more still parsist in starin' in church when I'm by your side; they don't think much about what they came there for. St. Teath! they are faithless men, your Ladyship, and think more about earth than heaven."

"Do you mean the dark and rude-looking young man, that I have often remarked to fix his attention where I sit?"

"He has a dowle sort of a look, and isn't ower fair; but he's a man quite sought after in the neighbourin'; all the light and temptin' creatures are makin' up to en; but he's a staid man, John Tresize, though he's so comelie, and kens better what's for his own welfare, than to tak'

up with sitch young and useless things: his head o' hair, my Lady, is black as a hurtle, and people say 'tis like the Curnel's."

The latter made no reply to this compliment; for while the hands of her attendant were nearly as busy in arranging her long tresses, as the tongue was in dwelling on the perfections of the favoured swain, the mistress's attention was engaged, as she sat motionless in the small antique chair, on a painting on the opposite wall. It represented the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, and would have done more credit to the taste of the former possessors than the relics and fragments of various virtue they had treasured up. It had been purchased by Mr. Dawnay during the last and only visit he had made in his youth to France, and was transplanted to its present abode, as the fittest place of rest for so esteemed a treasure. The youthful and celebrated martyr, fastened to a rock in the midst of a waste scene, though a copy from the great Italian master, exhibited that kind of interest that often invests the Catholic faith with a peculiar charm for the

female mind. The body, stuck full of arrows, and bleeding from many wounds; the beauty of the countenance, the sweetness and resignation that dwelt there; and, still more, the entire helplessness of the sufferer, with the desert around him, and no eye, no hand to soothe his dying moments, while life ebbed slowly and painfully away.

Often had the girl gazed on the painting till her eyes were filled with tears. It was singular that the countenance of Sebastian, by one of those chances that there is no accounting for, bore a resemblance to that of Trevanion, the guest of the preceding evening. It was but faint, yet there was the same symmetry of feature, and resolved and melancholy eye; the short dark hair too curled round the fair forehead, as it did round that of the latter. Each day, to Eleanor's eye, this resemblance had grown stronger; and the tragic scene before her suited well with the gloomy anticipations the approaching struggle had caused to thicken round her fancy.

Not long were they now allowed to do so; and even that term had been greatly shortened, had not Honor, while the pensive eye of her mistress wandered not from the youthful martyr, fixed her own quite as earnestly, but less mournfully, on the mirror that stood on the table, and by gazing over the fair shoulder on which the ringlets wandered, she obtained a view perfectly to her satisfaction. Glasses of such a kind were a luxury to which domestics of this day were all unused; and it was only by stealth that it had been enjoyed at intervals when the tenant of the apartment was away. The head of redundant brown hair, the cap that rose gracefully, according to the fashion of the province, and the large speaking eye that beamed with complacency, were reflected vividly back to the delighted gazer, whom the setting sun would have left moveless there, save that the hands moved mechanically in their office,—had not a deep sigh from her mistress suddenly recalled her attention. A glance of the eye, quick as lightning, first at the latter, then at the picture, revealed

to the startled handmaid at once the mysterious cause of this sadness.

"It's a drear sight that, my Lady; to treat so young and comelie a man in sitch guise; and enough to move the flintiest heart; so lonely too,—no keene nor friends nigh, and the white sand is all red with his blood."

"'Twas a noble death, though," replied the other, "and for a glorious cause; no doubt we see only the appalling part, and know not the peace which sweetened the desertion and anguish of such an hour."

"I can't see any triumph," as your Ladyship says, "in a condition like that; among rocks and white sands, getherin' like the waves all round; there's not a roof to be seen, nor the smoke o' one, nor a drop o' water, for what I see, to quench his thirst.'

"True, Honor; but don't you see the eyes bent upwards, and filled with the rich relief drawn from thence? He died for his religion, and does not appear to feel his sufferings in the consciousness of it."

"For religion, Miss Eleanor!—that's clean another thing. No wonder, indeed, his look is so comfortable and strengthened, as one may say; yet 'tis strange he should be so fouright! and sitch a keenlie figure, that would ha' looked more takin' in a nice parlour, with a Turkye carpet, than upon them hard stones, that are piercin' into his white skin."

"But that bed was sweeter to him than one of down: in that moment he would not have exchanged it for a palace."

"Then he was wrong, there's no doubt,—over far wrong, with his young years and dark eye, to think so: there's no likin' between 'em and the ould musty and vineed friars, with bald heads and ashescat faces that our master's got hangin' up in his room; they mak' me quever sometimes by candle-light to look at them. They're no loss, a cargae o' them throwed into the lake afore the window." Here a look of sharp reproof reduced the speaker to sudden silence, who, after a few confused hems, attempted to mend the breach she had made.

"I don't say they wern't all good in their day, and desarved maybe to be made saints of, like powers o' others that are gone, and quiet in the berrin-ground, wi' nittles and hamlocks growing over them. But they were ould and gray and full of ailins, with bodies like a lantern wi' fasting; surely they were no bein's for a woman's eye to rest upon.—There 's St. Martin, that your Ladyship says used to put all the likelie wemmen into convents; where they never seed the blink o' the sun or of a man's eye; 'tis a blessin' I didn' live in his day. A few nights agone, I dreamed John Tresize, that I ha' named afore, came to my bedside; but he'd got the ould man's grewsome, frownin' face upon his tall, likelie figure; and his sightly leg, as you must ha' observed in the church-yard, was covered in a long gownd; he looked fierce, and forbade me to be married, but to live in the odour o' singleness to my dyin' day."

"It's a good state, Honor, for those whose minds are prepared for it, and can think and talk less of the world than you do; whose heydey

of youth and passion is gone by, or ought to be.—Sebastian," she added, thoughtfully, "was in his prime, yet he spurned them all."

"But he's no example for others to do so too, if I may be so bold to say so; there's many a heart was wae for his death, I'll warrant; and many a eye, not older than your Ladyship's, would have wept bitter tears upon his grave. Living or dead, 'tis a pleasure to look upon sitch a saint as he. Often I ha' marvelled how all the others that his honour loves to look upon, and that I ha' seen aneath, were hard fared and scraggy men, stricken in years: the weimmen saints are aften handsome enough; but never ha' I seed one o' the men that had any thing temptin' about 'en, save the one in the painting there."

An involuntary smile spread over the young lady's face at this observation, the truth of which she could not but allow. She rose from her seat, while the bustling attendant brought one article of dress after another, with a frequency that was a proof of the unusual difficulty of being pleased on this occasion.

"The sea-green gownd, ma'am, you don't like neither, that you used to be so fond o'; and now when all the leaves are gone, and the trees withered, and any thing green wud be refreshin' to the eye; 'tis out o' nature, and winna do."

"Give me the robe," was the reply, "and let the dark mantle be ready for the evening; for I shall walk towards the lake, as the weather is fine."

"There's nathing, my Lady, befits ye so pure and tidily as the dark robe; it fits well upon a figure the like o' yours; many a day ha' I marked a bright eye admirin' and followin' after, like the ould priests used to hang about the priory, that they loved so well, but could never call their own. I remember last Hallomas, as I was wandrin' at evenin', seeing the Curnel standing in the gateway, as fixed as the image o' St. Teath inside; I peered in, and 'twas your Ladyship 'mong the dark pillers and broken walls that he was gazing at, like Lot's wife at the home she sorrowed for; and ye had the dark mantle on, that evening."

"That tongue of your's would continue till

midnight, Honor, without wearying: and the company are arriving, I see; I am in no mood at present to meet them; a lonely chamber would at this moment suit better my spirits. Have you waited on my sister yet? and is she in the saloon?"

"Miss Catherine has been there an hour agone, as gay and cheerfu' as is her wont, drest in the white gown, that suits so with her snowy skin. She does'n' like to be alone and tristfu' like your Ladyship; and her wild eye likes better to wander upon others' faces, than to dwell upon fallen walls and towers,—she has na' his honour's humour like yourself. May I—"

"No, it does not need," was the reply; "be here to attend me two hours hence." So saying, with a parting and hasty glance at the small mirror, that reflected back a face and form that might not be viewed with impunity, she quitted the apartment, of which the attendant was for the time left sole tenant. She looked cautiously round for a few moments, as the retreating feet of her mistress were heard; and when the

quick yet gentle step no longer came on the ear, she closed the door, and seated herself in the antique chair that had just been quitted. Her brown hair and ruddy face rose little above the arms of the ancient seat, which her master had never suffered to be removed for a more modern one: on these, however, she contrived to repose her own short arms, though somewhat to the inconvenience of the rest of her figure. A keen and prolonged glance was first cast on the painting on the opposite wall, in which much satisfaction was evident; it then wandered slowly over the apartment. We all, even those of us who are most fond of movement, whether of tongue or limb, or both, find an interval for solitary reflection sweet as well as profitable. Such was the case at present; and though stillness was of all things the least welcome to the handmaid's feelings, who could have lived indeed beneath the sound of a mill-wheel, her thoughts were such at this moment that she scarcely seemed to be conscious she was in the midst of total stillness. The arrival

and stay of the accomplished guest; resolve of her mistress to issue forth in the evening, without doubt not unattended; the approaching fierce and civil struggle, in which all the young men of the neighbourhood took one side or the other; above all, the faith of the stranger, who was a Protestant, came like a torrent through her mind, and kept her for a good hour speechless and moveless. The last rays of the lingering sun fell on her round, busy, and now contemplative face, comfortably imbedded in the bosom of the chair, and on the painting of the martyred youth. Honor was an admirer of beauty, but less fanciful than her mistress; she would have preferred the roughest living copy to the dying and fading form before her: an enthusiast to whose creed, whatever her other noted qualities, she could not well be called. Honor was really a clever personage, but she had a difficult part to play; and it is no wonder if frequent perplexity and a little duplicity were the inevitable consequences of having undertaken it:—the chief, and, it might be said,

favourite attendant on two sisters, not only of different tastes and habits, but of faith also. The former might be easily overcome, with management; but the latter presented appalling difficulties.

Miss Catherine, as she used to say, was of the way o' thinking, to which she herself was secretly inclined; having had an old aunt, who lived on a wild common at some distance from her native cottage, who, being a Protestant, had frequently held serious converse with her: but her younger lady was a confirmed Papist; and to this belief she was not only obliged outwardly to conform, but to profess an earnest attachment to it, as the suspicion thereof would have been the withdrawing of favour. Alternately the companion, as far as light converse went, of both ladies, it was her wont, at times, to trim with the elder, of whom she stood most in awe, the follies and errors of the decaying hierarchy, which she would compare to the old gateway of the cathedral, stately and frownin', but full of chinks that the

sun and wind both came through. A word now and then was also dropped, as she saw her auditor disposed, on the sweetness of a thing that was true and clear, compared to a dark and gropin' one. By the exercise of a keen tact, united to the indulgence of those she served, she had been hitherto enabled to keep her place in good odour with both parties. The many years she had lived in the family had rendered the old faith, with its various minutiæ, traditions, and ceremonies, perfectly familiar to her memory and apprehension. To her practice also, on occasions, it must unfortunately be added,—so far as a professed reverence for certain saints, who were most dear to Eleanor's feeling, as well as for peculiar days—besides sundry daily crossings and invocations, which passed for nothing. But Honor atoned to her conscience for these wanderings, by the reflection that her heart had no share in them. She was an instance of that union of shrewdness and interestedness of mind, with much kindness of heart, not unfre-

quently found among the women of her province. Whatever her personal charms might have been in days of yore, they were now, at the age of thirty-two, somewhat on the wane; and hardly gave her a title to be classed among the Cornish witches, as the fair complexioned and richly-formed girls of the West were often termed. Not so thought their possessor, whose person was the object of her strictest and most beloved care. On the lone common where her dwelling had been, from whose rude door a few similar cottages could be discerned at awful distances, she was the admired and sought-out beauty of the waste. Often might her eye descry afar off the solitary form of some suitor pacing along at the approach of eve. But times were changed, and had long been so: the round short figure, and ruddy face and clear eye that charmed in the wild, were shrouded amidst the higher and jealous pretensions within the walls of the old palace; the fastidiousness and independence of taste cherished beneath her natal roof,

died gradually away. But the memory of past hours of flirtation and despotism rose oft and sweetly in Honor's mental eye; again the rude hearth blazed, and the door opened, within which the brown face and square shoulders of some admirer insinuated themselves; another followed, and the chimney seat, though turf, became a complete divan, from amidst whose clouds of smoke glistened many a staring and admiring eye. Even these dear remembrances yielded to the pressing conviction of the moment: the alarming fact of Trevanion's being a Protestant, in fearful opposition to her mistress's creed, who was, no doubt, attached to him; and this attachment was now drawing to a crisis. How was she to steer her course in such circumstances? It was like passing between Sylla and Charybdis: two lovers of warring beliefs; in the strife to please one of whom, mortal offence might perchance be given to the other. Thus far, during the few and short visits of the admirer, her cards had been played indifferently well; but now,

when affairs wore a threatening aspect, and the house began to be divided against itself, neutrality was safe no longer.

The descending shades of evening warned the perplexed confidant at last, that it was time her reverie was ended: already the paintings and the image-work grew dim along the darkening wall: she rose hastily from her aged and luxurious seat, somewhat like a mastiff, who, having nestled into dreaminess beside the warm hearth, hears suddenly the sharp call of his master without; for soon after her young mistress hastily entered, and in a hurried manner demanded her walking habiliments. The officious hands of the domestic soon completed the equipment; an inquisitive sentence or two hung on the lips; but there was something in the manner of the former, that chilled their utterance, which died away in a few suppressed murmurs. As the tacit interdict did not extend to the eye as well as the lip, so it could not prevent Honor from stretching her short neck as far as possible out

of the window,—not to survey the last hues of evening on the distant mountain or the nearer waters, but—to be clearly satisfied how her young lady was accompanied. Accordingly, skirting the lawn that led to the adjoining wood, her graceful figure was seen, with that of Trevanion by her side. The eye could not follow them long, ere the yellow and withering foliage of the trees closed on their steps, that passed on towards the border of one of the sheets of water formed by the tide. It was a retired and sheltered spot: the river beyond, and its few passing barks, were not visible through the trees that hung over the narrow path. The stillness of evening was around the spot: and it seemed as if those who came there felt its influence; for their voices, that had been quick and animated hitherto, died away, as they slowly paced to and fro on the shore.

"I have thought of this moment often, Eleanor," Trevanion at last said, "as of one that must be bitter to us—but not thus would I have had it come."

"Why should it be comfortless?" she replied; "have I not said all that woman can say, to dispel every doubt from your mind? But to yield assent to your entreaty, at such a moment, and in such a fearful state of the times, when you know not what the event of the next day may be; I cannot do this, Trevanion,—indeed I cannot."

"In such a state of times, Miss Dawnay, the soldier, in his hopes and joys, lives but from day to day; and, I might urge, that he ought to snatch them in their flight. Though the present struggle be a deadly one, you think too darkly of it. Alas! its honours, when they come, will be almost withered in my eye, by the sacrifice they shall have compelled me to make."

"Do not think so: the glory which your devotion to such a cause will bring, will be a rich reward; fairer than dowry, and more lasting than life. And shall I turn that high and aspiring spirit from a path so suited to it?"

"Do you think, Eleanor," he answered, "I should depart beneath the Royal standard with

less enthusiasm or resolve to do my utmost in its cause, were that hand mine irrevocably?"

"You know not your own heart," she replied, "either in its weakness or strength, to speak thus. Would the hour of battle come alike, if you knew you had left an anxious and attached wife, and one so lately too; or merely a devoted woman, who loved your glory dearly, perhaps, as yourself? It was thus the knights of chivalry gained a name; when no fond tie bound them: no imploring accents bade them wander no more."

Her companion smiled sadly at these words, and the proof they gave of the weak, as well as the noble part of his mistress's character, who could thus dwell in fancy on the meeds of chivalry, amidst such thoughts of tenderness and sorrow.

"It might be thus, Eleanor, with me, as you say; and the love of fame would be quenched, perhaps, at times, in that which is stronger than death. But do not let us, in thoughts of the romantic, lose sight of the stern realities that

are drawing nigh. A true knight ought not to speak of danger and fate; yet they do not the less hover round his path."

"Talk not thus, Trevanion," she said, in a faltering tone; "I have striven not to think of this; and have often turned wildly from the dark pictures of my own fancy. No,—I will cherish them no more, but think how sweet it will be to hear of the distinctions that you will surely gain."

"And I will gain them," he said firmly; "yet you have been faithless, Eleanor, and will now let me depart with the reproach of a broken word."

"But that word was for a time of peace, and not of war. It was plighted ere the clouds gathered darkly on our prospects, and you must not urge its fulfilment now. Trevanion, you will remember the hours that were passed, such as this, but far happier, by the wood, or the water's side. And, for me,—my thoughts will be ever with you, in the tent by night,—in the march and the peril by day,—in every moment, but——"

He stopped, and looked at her earnestly: it was hard to part from so attached a woman, who, at this moment, seemed in his eye lovelier than ever. Each selfish feeling instantly gave way: he struggled for a few moments with the fears and doubts which the vision of the future brought heavily before him. It was not a foreign war, a campaign of a summer, into which he was to enter; but one that involved every prospect of well-being, rank, and affluence. Should the arms of the Parliament be successful, his fair possessions would be sequestered; his father's house be made a spoil; and he might be driven, an exile and a beggar, to another land. Where then would be the bright dreams of his love, the dear hopes of possessing the being who now stood before him?

"Yes," he replied, "the memory of past hours, and the assured hope of coming bliss, shall be ever with me. They will inspire, they will assure me! Yet they are but phantoms," he added, with a deep sigh, "however dear, to the power of that pleading eye—the clasp of this hand

in mine, my own, my beautiful betrothed. But I must leave you, and that speedily."

"So soon! time cannot have fled so fast: see! the sun is still bright in the west.—But it is best," she said, after a pause, "it should be so, ere it be too bitter to part thus. We shall meet again ere long; but not hurriedly, not in sorrow."

"No; when we meet again, it will not be thus. But should the enemy prevail, I must be an exile, Eleanor, from my own land,—must turn from my own domains like an outcast. Then, should this happen, you cannot,—no, you shall not, be my bride."

"Not be your bride—because you were in misfortune! Should I too leave you when all else had left? Never, while my heart loves as it has done; and misery cannot change it."

"Then am I armed against all chances," said the soldier. "I have dwelt in anguish on the prospect; on the leaving my home, and fair patrimony; a proscribed man in a foreign land—alone."

He took the hand she offered; and, while he pressed it fervently, felt that it trembled more than his own. As they walked slowly from the spot towards the dwelling, the light still glanced from the spacious drawing-room, and gay and mingled voices came from it, for several of the neighbouring gentry had been invited on this occasion to meet the guest. His feelings, as well as those of his companion, were not now tuned to share in the society, or in the loud though not deep discourse of two or three knots of ladies and squires, on the stirring events of the time; or the more grave and erudite converse of the host and a few seniors at the upper end of the apartment, on the glory of the past reigns, both in arts and edifices, compared to the present faded one. One or two hours passed irksomely away, when Trevanion, in spite of the entreaties of the father and sisters to prolong his stay, took a hurried leave of them, on the plea that he must be early at the place of assembling of the forces; and mounted his horse, and rode hastily away.

The twilight soon sunk into darkness, as he proceeded along an open and waste country, the paths of which, however, were familiar to him. Rapid motion, it has often been said, is an excellent soother of strong agitations of the mind,—and so it proved on this occasion; as his spirited courser bore him over treeless hills and moors, on which no moon rose to shed its light. The obscurity, however, suited better with the tone of his feelings than the most cloudless sky; the exciting scene that awaited him in the morning came before his view, where some of the choicest spirits of the time, both as to rank and talent, were to be met with, each accompanied by his followers, and each strung to meet the utmost extremities for the cause they had espoused. A young and aspiring man could hardly have desired a finer field on which to enter, and the present candidate brought into it qualities which made men look on him with hope and expectation.

John Trevanion, lately chosen to the rank of colonel in the King's forces in the West, was

descended from a family of great antiquity. His ancestors had often served as sheriffs of the county, and received the honour of knighthood from their sovereigns. One of the most illustrious of these was Hugh Trevanion, who, for his bravery in the battle of Bosworth Field, was made a Knight Banneret; and the sword with which this was confirmed is still to be seen in the church of St. Michael Carhayes. His descendant resided at the family mansion with his father; it was a fine and extensive pile of building, in a commanding situation, not far from the sea. Amidst the retirement of this place the son had passed the greater part of his life, with the exception of a year or two in France. The larger portion of leisure time he had enjoyed at home, uninvaded by the fashionable pleasures or profligacies indulged in by so many young men of his age and fortune, had been chiefly devoted to the cultivation of his mind. The character of a well-read man at this period, and on the confines of the Atlantic, was not a frequent one; but it might be given

to Trevanion even at the age of twenty-seven, for he as yet numbered no more. The library at Carhayes was a numerous and valuable one; well-stored with ancient lore, the situation—looking down on an embattled terrace, beneath which, at the bottom of a steep declivity, rushed a rapid stream, and the sea opened beyond,—was in itself in no slight degree inspiring. It was his daily and favourite resort; and night and morn both found him there, indifferent to the convivial or boisterous parties of the neighbourhood, as well as the chase, or the less refined wrestling ring, around which men of family were at times to be seen.

These romantic feelings would have been brooded over tranquilly from year to year, amidst the deep shades that surrounded Carhayes on almost every side, had not the civil war broken out, and opened at once a field to his hopes as well as loyalty. It could not be said, however, that, like the young Vendean of a later time, Henri Jaquelin, he rushed at once from the bosom of total solitude into the midst of arms;

that the love of his King and of fame changed instantly the timid and bashful youth into a hero, in whose eagle-eye, as it was said of the former, sat victory. Trevanion was an accomplished as well as elegant man; had mingled in the world, and been received at the most polished court of the age. He saw with ardour the kindling of the strife around him, and his devotion to his King made him instantly arm in his cause. To this decision he was influenced by his personal attachment to Sir Beville Granville, as well as to his heroic and commanding character.

It was not long before this period that he had formed an attachment to Miss Dawnay. Love had hitherto mingled little in his thoughts, and seemed to stand far off, waiting the fulfilment first of his sterner prospects; but he had yielded resistlessly to the passion, which her retired and devoted character had created, at a time when a calm and happy sojourn amidst his native domains was the only prospect he cherished. Eleanor first admired, and then loved him;

and paused not long to inquire if the difference of his faith ought not to have presented a stern barrier to this. Mr. Dawnay, indeed, started some difficulties; but as they were not very pertinaciously maintained, while Catherine combated them, and her sister remained silent, the subject very soon was suffered to drop altogether. The father lamented, on two or three occasions, that so fine a young man, and of so agreeable conversation—the latter of which praises had been chiefly earned by his being an excellent listener to his host's antiquarian details—should be found in the way of error. As to Trevanion, his stay in France had, perhaps, softened his objections on this head, since he was as sincere a Protestant as his fathers had been before him, from a date nearly parallel with the Reformation; or it is probable his scruples had yielded to the force of his passion. Its happy termination was, however, thwarted by the rapid progress of the civil contest, which carried dissension and disarray into the bosoms of so many families, humble as well as high. It had been

almost settled that their union was to take place about this time; at least, Eleanor had given such a hope, if not an absolute promise, to her lover; but its fulfilment was now postponed. The general troubles of the times, the march of the rebel army almost to the doors, and the total uncertainty of the future, threw gloom and sorrow round the approach of the bridal day.

CHAPTER VIII.

"They wanted but a leader—and they found
One to their cause immeasurably bound."

BYRON.

AFTER some hours, he arrived at a village not more than a few miles distant from the place of his destination, and here he resolved to pass the remainder of the night. The accommodations of the small inn, if such it might be termed, would scarcely have tempted the weary passenger to rest: he saw his favourite horse well fed and attended to, and then seated himself in a huge chair, the only one in the kitchen, to wait the approach of morn. It came at last, and he willingly left his rude place of rest to

resume his journey. The sun had risen ere he drew nigh the mansion of Stowe: no *fossé* or moat spread their sluggish depth round the wall; or drawbridge, strictly sentinelled, startled the wanderer's footsteps away. Its founders and improvers had not dreamed such defences could ever be needful in so remote and calm a territory. Armed men were gathered thickly, however, before the walls; and the look of many among them brightened as they saw the soldier alight at the gate. He paused a few moments to look at the array, and then passed hastily within. His reception by the numerous and distinguished tenants of the mansion was of the most cordial as well as flattering kind; and when he cast his eyes round the long table, at which they now sat at their morning meal, he saw more than one, the report of whose deeds had been spread far and wide. The ancient hall was completely filled with guests, by whom the substantial cheer that loaded the board was heartily partaken of; for many had travelled far through the weary night with

their few adherents, or had hastened alone at their utmost speed to the place of rendezvous.

The noble owner rose to meet his friend; and pressing his hand warmly, with a look that expressed more of the soul than any words could have done, introduced him to two or three leaders who were seated near him. The conversation, that had been interrupted for a moment, was again resumed with great earnestness; the plans to be embraced, and that instantly, were discussed; for, as the Parliament's army were now advancing, and would soon be at hand, no time was to be lost. The neutrality agreed to had been broken, and the Earl of Stamford, with a force he thought sufficient to crush the Royalists, had received orders to enter the province, to intimidate, rather than to fight, for he scarcely imagined they would dare to meet him in the field.

Sir Ralph Hopton was now lying at Launceston with a very inferior force, and it was resolved to march, with the levies which had now arrived, to join him there. It was easy

for a man so extensively connected as Sir Beville Granville, to assemble, at a short notice, a large body of adherents. The number of private gentlemen that came to his aid, induced by his persuasions, or attached to his family by the ties of blood, made this body more formidable by their quality and high courage, than by their numerical force. A regiment that he had raised at his own expense some time before, was the only well-disciplined portion of this little band that was now gathered around the mansion.

The repast being ended, the hall was quickly deserted; and all issued forth to the marshalling of the troops, regular and irregular. The latter presented, to an experienced eye, excellent materials, doubtless, to make hardy veterans of; but at present, summoned from their moors and hills, and fierce and rough in all their native wildness, their garbs, or uniforms, were as various and strange as those of Falstaff's regiment; but the brawny chest, the naked and colossal neck, that would have rivalled those

of any Saracen in the desperate bands of Omar; in fine, the "thewes and sinews" of these hardy peasants and miners, gave promise of the deeds they afterwards achieved. The whole of the day was passed in busy preparation to march on the morrow, and in forming the motley forces into the best order and array the time permitted.

The fresh and green turf of the sloping lawns bristled with the unwonted gleam of arms; and the broad walks rung with the heavy tread of armed men. On wall and tower was many a fair spectator of the show of battle. At intervals, small parties of men were seen hastening through the woods, or over the downs, to join the forces, armed with the first weapon they could lay their hands on; sturdy fishermen from the neighbouring coast were among them, who had left their cabins and their boats, and rushed to range themselves under their lord's standard. Seated on a low and grass-covered bank, on which he supported himself with his trembling hands, while his large eye

was fixed intensely on the scene before him, was an old man, with a frame, even in ruins, like that of Hercules. It was Kiltor, the once famous wrestler, and the tenant of the valley, or bottom, as it was called, of Combe, who had implored his ancient friend to have him conveyed hither, that he might gaze on the array, and smell the battle, as it were, afar off. As the weapons flashed in the sunbeams, his eye seemed to catch the glare, and he lifted his palsied hand in earnest approval, as Andrews, to whom he had given a night's shelter a few months before, oft marched past him at the head of a small body of men, whom he was intently engaged in instructing. The latter was in the full pride and pomp of his charge; his experience and long service made him a valuable aid on the present occasion; and the days of his youth seemed to come back to the veteran, as foot, voice, and gesture, kept time in his repeated march along the lawn.

"He 's young again," muttered Kiltor, "and his pike will soon draw blood; and I 'm wi-

thered, like the weeds upon this bank aneath me," clenching at the same time some beautiful wild flowers into atoms in his hand.

At this moment Sir Beville slowly drew nigh the spot on which he sat; the old man looked eagerly and wistfully in his face, his own strong and miserable feelings giving way to the long and almost feudal attachment to the family.

"Is it you, Kiltor?" said the former; "how have you contrived to leave your cottage, where you have been a home-keeper so many years?"

"I cudn't resist, my Lord, to look upon strife, or the show of it, once more afore I die. 'Tisna wi' me now as in times long ower, when I ha' seen your young eye dance wi' joy as this hand cleered one prize ater another out o' the ring.'

"We all have our day, my friend," was the reply; "you have had yours, and fame enough too: you were long the first wrestler of your time, and others now have taken your place."

"They have, they have, and I 'm alive to see it; mere shilderlins, Sir Beville; men o' lath, that wud na' ha' faced the grip o' my hand, or stood the clinch o' my limbs, more than a withy, and the whole countrie is runnin' ater them—coud I but be strong for one day, a prize day, as I was once, and they shud see thuse boastin' boys; one hurled to his back, without a limb movin'; another wi' broken bones; and, maybe, ane goin' double all his life ater, alike Carter was for many years!" and he laughed short and fiercely at the cruel remembrance he had conjured up.

"Old man, age has not brought you mercy or kindness of heart; these are not feelings for one whom the grave is waiting for. Years have, in truth, fearfully changed you: I remember, it was when I was quite a child, Sir Richard, just returned from abroad, took me to see the contest in the ring.—It was you, Kiltor, that won the day."

"You remember that day?" said the wrestler exultingly, almost starting from the ground, though the movement gave him great pain:

"it was for the tankard, my Lord, the selver tankard that your grandsire put up for the whole county. 'Twas a hard-folt day, and I did na' ken your eyes saw it; then ye saw, ane after the other, flinged upon the yerth, like the broken ore from the kibbal: my bones were like iron, and my joints like brass—look at me now, my Lord! wud ye ken me for the same?—but ye 'll ne'er see another day like that in the ring."

"I should know that giant frame again," Sir Beville said; "it was free and supple then, and formed in the finest symmetry: there were others as tall and stout, but none took my childish fancy so much, and my grandsire was loud in his praises."

Kiltor clasped his hands firmly together, and the big tears slowly coursed down his hard face, all unwonted: the praises of his noble patron, whom he had not seen for many long years, during which praise had never reached his ear; the memory of that day of triumph, on which such lips had dwelt, brought happier

and better times back, ere disappointment and disease had overcome him.

"I was all that: few so fine made, and none so strong. Blessin' upon the words that said it; the eye followed ater me when I past by; they gethered from the east and the west round the ring, all asked the furst thing, 'where's Kiltor, the champion?' and the auld wemmen pointed me out to the young and comelie ones. 'Twas upon Stratton Down, my last field!—all day under a burnin' sky we wrastled, and I got many a hard fall; but when the last man was throwed, they carried me away in their arms to the village. There Cattern, my young wife, the boast of the whole parish, waited for me. You never saw her dark eye in its strength; how it looked upon me so in love and pride that day! We had a carouse that evenin', and I drank hard, and then went with her to our home in the Coombe; not dreamin' that I shud ne'er rejoice again. Towards mornin' I woke, the dead palsy had seized my side, and all my strength past from me, and never, never came again. I cried loud

and tossed my arms, but my body was like a lost man's driftin' upon the wave, or like Victor's when I pitched un dead in the ring, with his back furrowed in the grass!"

"And did you never recover, George, your health and strength again?"

"They went from me in a moment, like a judgment from Heaven, as I said; and my limbs got cold and heavy like lead, and hanged from my body like the shotten branches of an ould oak. Cattern cried over me day and night, and tended me like an enfant: but by littles I got to hate her; her dark eye and sorrowin' face were always afore me, and sometimes I thoft they mocked me; and she changed from that time, like me, her beauty wasted like the froth o' the sea: she's ould now and fierce, an' unhappy like me, the once milde and mistreated woman. They came to my dwellin', one day, once a month ater that, the wrastlers from the other parish; for there was a wrastlin' 'greed upon, and they did na' ken my affliction. The Germoe men were among them,

my ould rivals, burnin' at their bein' owercome; they challenged me to come forth to dare them 'pon the morrow, and their eyes gloated ower my helpless state; I saw them look hard and joyin' at one another, and then they mocked me wi' their words, and my friends were sad and downcast.—Oh my Lord, is it any wonder if my blood turned to gall? I gnashed my teeth and cursed them; and from that hour my heart changed like my body, and I ne'er spoke a kind word, or thoft a merciful thought aterwards; 'twas that hour that broke Cattern's heart, and seared my own like a nether mill-stone."

"Wretched man!" said his noble auditor; "your life has, in truth, little left to desire; and what can death, with such passions, have to hope for?"

"The feelings o' my youth are still strong; I ha' borne too long a livin' death to make me fear to give up my breath. I ha' but one hope: to see a stricken field, my Lord, afore I die; the clashin' o' swords, the hard strife o'

men strugglin' for the life of others; the drown-in' o' voices—the ring is nothing to that."

"For shame, Kittor, to feel thus on the brink of the grave; go home, and strive for good-will to others, instead of desiring scenes of blood. You should have any relief or comforts that I can bestow to soothe your condition; but you do not want this world's good, I believe; is not the tenement in the valley your own?"

"It is, it is; and I want no more, as you are pleased to say;—many thanks to the house that ha' fended me and my fathers afore me!"

"It is strange," thought Sir Beville, as he turned from the spot, "how the passions outlive the strength! Well I remember this man, so noted in his day, and still he hovers like a vulture round the carcase from which he is driven."

The latter looked earnestly after the retreating form of the nobleman, with his lips moving like those of a man who sees the friends of his past life in a painful dream. "Like Sir Richard," he muttered; "the same stately step, and eye

that canna be resisted in kindness or anger. His foughten field I'll see, though my eyne look their last upon it." He then turned to gaze on the array around him with an intense interest that absorbed every other feeling.

Several hours had passed away in the busy and exciting duties around the walls, in which every one, whatever his rank, took the liveliest interest. Those who had come without arms were furnished from the store the mansion afforded, not out of its armoury, but from the supplies which had with great quickness and foresight been provided. Time there was not, to give any discipline to the raw peasantry; who, it was decided, would be more efficient, if left to act as a separate body, than by being incorporated with the well-trained regiment.

Evening now approached, and the sounds had all, by degrees, died away; stillness and order reigned once more both within and without the walls. The scattered and numerous groups were seated on the lawn, or beneath

the trees, their motley weapons laid on the grass, or resting against the ancient oaks beside them, and they were abundantly supplied with every requisite of good cheer. Often as the horn or wooden cup of stout ale went round, the health and prosperity of the noble family of the dwelling were drunk with enthusiastic shouts, that would have startled the warder on the wall, or the captive in the tower, had such personages been within hearing.

In the great dining-room, the more distinguished part of the assemblage was met: the usual time of repast having been postponed several hours, in consequence of the duties and preparations of the day, it was the all-unwonted hour of six, when the banquet, for so it might be called, was served. In spite of the largeness of the company that partook of it, and the hurried hopes and fears in which domestic, as well as chief, seemed to participate, no disarray or disorder met the eye. The presence of the hostess, together with a few more ladies, served to throw an additional zest over

this crowded and military banquet, as well as to repress any uncourtly sallies or licence, which some of the guests, from their air and demeanour, would have enjoyed to indulge. Among the fairer guests, were the wives or daughters of some of the leaders in the enterprise, who had accompanied them to Stowe, as a place of greater security than their own homes. At the head of the long and crowded table sat the owner of the mansion—a man that would at first sight have arrested the attention of the most careless eye. Nature had set the stamp of command on Sir Beville's countenance; but so tempered with mildness and even gentleness, as to give assurance that no unjust or personal cause alone would ever call forth its exercise. His native province had hailed him her true and zealous patriot, for his unwearied attention to its interests; but it was necessary to possess other qualities to justify Clarendon's words, that he was "the most universally beloved man of his time." He was known to possess a bright and unstained courage; and his descent was suffi-

ciently illustrious to satisfy the most stern adherent to ancestry, being in a direct line derived from Rolla, Duke of Normandy, the grandsire of the Conqueror; by virtue of which descent, the earldoms of Corbeil and Thorigny still gave him their title. The profuse style of hospitality in which he lived endeared him greatly to the better order of gentry; and to these advantages must be added those of a decided character and unbending purpose.

To Charles he had for some years been personally known, who put no small value on his public services and attachment to his cause, as is evident from the several letters he afterwards wrote him with his own hand. He was among the very few leaders in his province who engaged in the cause from chivalric attachment and devotedness to the King. In his mind this feeling burned as strongly as ever the love of redeeming the sepulchre of Christ did in that of a Paladin of old.

Hopton, in joining the Royal cause, to which he afterwards became so brave and faith-

ful an adherent, was moved in the first place by dissensions with some of the leaders of the Commons.

The Lord Mohun seemed for some time to hesitate what part to take;—to keep aloof till the superior strength of one of the hostile parties should determine his decision. After watching, however, the movements of both, he had lately joined that of the King. The conduct of Granville had from the first been bold, prompt, and untemporizing: no obstacles thrown in his way by men of rank and influence in the county had for a moment arrested his onward course, and he now began to reap the fruits of his labours. His eye kindled as he looked on the companions in arms now assembled at his table, while he continued to speak in an animated tone of the enterprise in which they were embarked. Two or three of the best informed joined in this discussion, to which others listened; while the attention of the Cavaliers at the remoter part of the table was engaged by the fairer individuals of the company. Not far from the

host, listening at times to his words, and again passing into a momentary abstraction, sat Trevanion; from his features the martial excitement of the morning had passed away, and his look had resumed the thoughtful and almost melancholy expression that was wont to characterise it. More than once the former smiled as he observed the absent air of his friend, while the spirit of every one around him was wound up to the highest pitch.

The sleepless night, and the harassing feelings by which it was accompanied, contributed to this restlessness of mind; and in spite of the rapid passage, amidst those around him, of the choice wines, the shouts that rose loudly without on the evening air, and the mingled, but more chastened sounds within, the image of the attractive woman he had left, her last looks and words, and the changing tones in which she spoke, rose to memory as distinctly as when she stood at his side. Seated opposite to him, but with a far different mien, was a man of his own age, but older in military fame. It was Sir

Nicolas Slanning, the gallant defender of Pendennis Castle, of which he had been sometime governor, and was now arrived to join the present undertaking: his stature was small, his countenance very fair, and the florid hue that ever sat there, and the light blue eye, denoted rather a mate of women than warriors. But a reckless and dauntless spirit were in his look and words, as he dwelt with confidence on the issue of to-morrow's march, and the speedy contest with the enemy. He then passed into gay discourse with Lady Grace and her companions, near whom he was seated, rejoicing he was come to break a lance in their defence, freed from the dark and gloomy walls of his castle, that seemed as if built for the deeds of stern tyrants, and the durance of oppressed dames. With little of the refined and reflective traits that gave an interest to Trevanion's aspect and discourse, he possessed that inextinguishable vivacity and lightness of heart as well as talk, that made him in general a welcome companion to the other sex.

The ladies having withdrawn, numerous lights

were brought, and the vast dining-room and its various assemblage were given vividly to view. It had nothing feudal in its character, save in the number of individuals of good fortune and family, who, being attached by the near or distant ties of relationship to the owner, looked on him as the chief of their line, and felt pride in following his counsels and fortunes. Bouville, St. Leger, and Beville,—names which, by their softness, seemed to be alike with his of Norman origin,—with Cole, Trewint, Arwenack, and others, of inferior standing, were mingled indiscriminately with the independent gentlemen who had resolved to fight for the King, under the guidance of his representative for the county. Some of the latter were bluff, hardy squires, who had left their wild homes, mounted on their best horses, and, "fiery hot with speed," had freshly arrived at the rendezvous. Hardy men they were, match for any of the Parliament saints in fair field, and would no more flinch from Haslerig's regiment of dragoons, than they would from a six-barred gate, or a tun of claret.

Of the latter assertion they were now occupied in giving very satisfactory proofs; for the huge *magnum bonum* was whisked to and fro with as little mercy or stay as if it had been the stirrup-cup at the hostel-door on a bridal-day. Several, who had come far from the north coast about Morva and Zennor, would have been taken by the great Hamon Dentatus himself for aborigines, had he met them on one of their wild commons. Rough, shagged locks drooped, though not sentimentally, over hard, determined faces, that, having been compressed in helm and vizor through a night's hard riding, looked redly and surprisedly forth on the brilliant assemblage, in the midst of which they found themselves. The curious looks of not a few were fixed on the portrait of their unfortunate King that hung, large as life, above the chimney, in which those thoughtful, dejected features were clearly set forth. It was the first time, probably, they had seen a painting of King Chaarles, as they called him, or of any other created being; for the capacious bottle was

observed to linger some moments in the hands of more than one, ere their eyes recovered from the spell thus suddenly set before them. The back swords, with brass or copper handles, the latter metal preponderated, were seen to raise their fronts above the table, so as to meet the eye of the guests; for there had not been time, in the hurry of their arrival, to free the martial sides of these worthies from their appendages.

The conversation grew by degrees more loud and earnest, particularly towards the middle of the hall, where the most skilful and eager linguist of the age, had he been seated, would have turned his eyes and ears quickly and inquiringly, from side to side, bewildered by the wild mixture of the provincial with the liege tongue of the land.

On a sudden there was a stillness throughout the assembly, as the host rose to address them. Sir Beville was not an eloquent man: his speeches in the house were more remarkable for manliness and simplicity, than for imagination or ornament. But when he spoke of the injuries of

his King, his words came with power, for they came from the heart; and to the Cornish they were charmed sounds.

He began by saying, how proud and happy his feelings were as he looked round on the assembly of his countrymen, prepared to shed their blood in the field.—"I have long foreseen this hour," he said, "and would have offered myself to calamity, to avert the march of war from the homes and hearths of my native province. But the call of the King to aid him in his extremity has come to us, and what Cornishman has heard it unmoved? You have poured forth, my friends, from hill and valley, from wild and shore, to gather beneath his standard; from the Land's End to the Tamar, the sword has been drawn, and the cry raised that rebels shall not trample on the Crown and the Altar. The armour that has long hung on your walls, used by some of your ancestors in the fields of Bosworth and Tewkesbury, has been once more put on in this holiest of causes; may it never be put off till that cause is won!

For me, I rejoice to lead you on,—God grant it may be to victory! We know that the die is cast—but what of that? Houses and lands, flocks and herds, may be lost if the enemy be too strong for us; our fair possessions may become a spoil, and the home of the low-born stranger and fanatic be made within our gates; but our fame cannot pass away! Why should I dwell on the gloomy side of the future?—let us rather be confident of success: a few days more and we meet our enemy: let us march, remembering how our fathers fought, and the battle is our own."

A long and loud shout of applause followed these words; and when it subsided, the speaker went on briefly to state, that it was resolved to advance on the morrow to join Sir Ralph Hopton at Launceston, where he was menaced by the approach of the enemy, who, unless they were checked, and that speedily, would, without doubt, overrun the whole county. The possessions of the loyal families would thus be laid at their mercy, and the boast of the Parliament

forces be successful, that they were come to crush the insurrection at a blow. This decision was received with great alacrity by the whole assembly, who, after some time longer passed in conviviality, broke up and separated.

Many of the guests accompanied the host to the chesnut parlour, as it was called, to join the society of the ladies. It was a low and gloomy apartment. On the pannels of the wall were sundry portraits of the departed owners of Stowe during the six centuries of its existence; from Richard de Granville, whom the Conqueror delighted to honour, down to the celebrated admiral of the same name, of whom the present owner was the grandson. Some of the earlier of these likenesses must of course have been indebted to the fancy of the painter, whose skill had been exercised two or three centuries after the originals had slept peacefully with their fathers. Grimly they frowned along the darkening wall, as it might truly be termed, since the fading light came only from the interior court of the mansion, that was overhung on

each side by the heavy and massive building. A feudal chieftain, seated at one of the embrasures of the narrow windows, would probably have preferred buttress and tower above, and prison grate beneath, to the free and noble prospect which the front of the dwelling afforded. Over the chimney, curiously carved in stone, were the Royal arms and supporters, with the Imperial Crown above, supported by two angels: the whole group, for the age, was skilfully executed.

A stranger, who had mingled unconcernedly in the company, might have thought there was a lack of persons of age and experience to mature so hardy an enterprise; for scarcely grey head or a veteran cheek, furrowed with the deep lines of war, was visible amongst them.

Trevanion and Slanning, however, in spite of their youth, could not be said to enter rashly into so sanguinary a struggle. They both had seats in Parliament, and had filled them during several sessions, and taken part in some of those

important proceedings, of which the present convulsion was the consequence.

Sir Beville was scarcely more than ten years their elder, being now in his fortieth year; but, for the last fifteen years, public business had been so familiar to him, that few men, even of a maturer age, could be said to possess a more clear or perfect acquaintance with every bearing of this controversy.

In spite of the excitation of the scene they had just quitted, and the rapid approach of the hour of marching at break of day, an unusual sadness seemed to pervade the party, which Slanning's vivacity vainly made repeated efforts to dispel.

The hostess, her countenance pale as the robe she wore, spoke in a quick and low tone at times to some of the female companions by whom she was surrounded. There was beauty among these—rather, as may be supposed, of the rustic than the courtly kind; and many an admiring eye was bent on the gallant figures of some of the Cavaliers, who slowly paced the apartment,

or stood talking to one or two groups of fair hoydens, whose native shyness could not hide their delight at sounds so welcome. It could not be mistaken for the meeting of knights and dames, ere to-morrow's tournay called them forth to see and partake of "exceedynge peryl and likewise pleasaunce;" but rather the few hours that intervened ere many a fated warrior left for aye all that their hearts cleaved to. The noble host reclined against the carved and imperial group on the chimney, conscious, perhaps, that the chief responsibility of this enterprise rested on him; that it was his name had called so many gallant men forth to risk life and fortune: he looked earnestly at his lady, and the children that were gathered around her. He was brave as most men, but he could not steel his fortitude against the possible chances of war; and what were they, so young and unprotected, should those chances be fatal?—and she, the wife of his earliest youth, the mother of his many and fair children, with a youth and passion not yet faded? Lady Grace raised her

eyes towards her husband, read in an instant his thoughts, and strove by a strong effort to chase the cloud from her own.

"It is strange," she said, turning to the young soldier, several of whose remarks she had scarcely heeded or replied to, "Sir Nicholas, that the array of war should affect us so variously at different moments. this morning, every eye, the fairest as well as the boldest, looked at it with a thrilling interest; and now it seems to be regarded like a fearful stranger, whose presence is ominous."

"And as a stranger would pass away and be forgotten, madam, did it not compel those we love to follow its steps. Yet it is harder, as well as bitterer, to sit round our own hearths and look out on its track, marked by burning cottages and wasted fields."

"You are right, and this ignoble part must then be ours.—Ladies," addressing the bevy, both old and youthful, beside her, "he is right; we must not wish those who are dear to us to be absent from this cruel but unavoidable contest;

besides, it cannot be a long one, and our hearths will be brighter and happier when they return."

"And we shall so return, do not doubt it, my Lady," he replied. "For me, the free and fair field will be welcome as the breezy waste to the prisoned man, after being so long shut up within the dull walls of Pendennis Castle, leaguered on every side: from day to day, I saw from the battlements the ravages of the saintly enemy on the country around, like an idle, useless spectator, without being able to pay them back in their own coin."

"Do not say so; your brave defence against fearful odds without, and famine within, is too well known to need even a Lady's praise."

"Walls of granite," he replied, "on so lofty a site, and with the sea beneath, could hardly fall into the rebels' hands while a loyal spirit was left within. They plied our little band hard, and many a day we had to bless the memory of Queen Bess, who so fairly strengthened the fortress her father had built, that laughed

their storming attempts to scorn. But famine was a fiercer enemy: from hour to hour, we cast our eyes far to seaward, and watched each point and cove, in hopes that a sail would come; but we looked long in vain."

"The Castle stands on a noble site, does it not? and looks far over sea and land on every side:—it is the strongest hold, I believe, in the whole province."

"Few in the realm," he said "are stronger; and few domains might be made more lovely than that by which it is circled. Now it is waste and wild. Should any fatal reverses attend the Royal arms, never will those for whom they are drawn find a better place of refuge or defence."

He little knew how truly his words would afterwards be fulfilled, and that first his Queen, Henrietta, and then her exiled son, would be reduced to seek shelter within those very walls.

"Enough now of war, of its hopes and fears," said the lady, in a lively tone; "let us make the present hour flow on gaily, while we

may.—Alice," addressing a tall, blooming young woman near her, "you will play us an air on the spinnet, and accompany it with your voice: but do not let it be a foreign one; one of our own province, however wild and rude, will now be more in unison with our feelings."

Alice, with a smile and a look in which perfect good-humour was blended with a dash of timidity, complied with the request, and commenced an ancient song in her native tongue, in which the sweetness of her voice strove hard with the unmelodious words that told of the charm of love amidst wild moors and fern-covered hills, where the roof rose humbly, and the face of the stranger seldom came. Not that the song was all untuneable; for, like those of other lands, that preserve much of the purity of their ancient manners and language, it was full of earnest and simple feeling.

The song was received with marked applause, particularly by Trevanion, who drew near the songstress, and accompanied her in two or three more airs, that closely resembled the Armori-

can, which he had heard sung by the wandering minstrels in Normandy and Picardy.

"Now, Alice," said Sir Beville, entering fully into the spirit of the scene, "sing me the old Norman air, that you know so well, that was long since brought over from the opposite coast. I'll fancy it the very one my ancestors loved to listen to, ere they crossed the seas. They fixed their abode here, no doubt, because they found the country so like their own."

The chant of other days was given with the same effect as those that preceded it, and an air of gaiety stole by degrees over the looks and words of the company.

The scene without the walls was of a more rude and martial character, where soldiers and peasants mingled round many a blazing pile of wood. The well-accoutred form of the horseman, his bright cuirass and casque, were contrasted with the harsh features and wild form of the miner, in his uncouth flannel garb. The glare fell fiercely on the dull and massive walls beyond, and their venerable portal; even the

eastern tower was illumined, and its dense ivy shroud, the covering of ages, clung all redly round window and battlement.

Farther down the slope, beneath the trees, the scene was more hushed, and many a group was stretched round the glowing embers, till the morrow's dawn should rouse them from their slumbers

CHAPTER IX.

"Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa like a frighted bird
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning."

At an early hour on the morrow, the small but united body of forces assembled around Stowe began their march to Launceston, which they entered the same evening. It was with joy the inhabitants, as well as the troops already pent within its walls, beheld the arrival of this seasonable reinforcement, that would now enable them to take the field. Hopton, sensible of the importance of the place, had not long before driven the enemy out, who had retreated after a slight and disgraceful resistance. The Royal forces, as they drew nigh the town, although it was

familiar to most of them, were struck with the strong and formidable aspect it presented, and rejoiced to see their banner waving from the walls, on which, a few months before, that of the Republicans had hung. The dark and noble Castle, the most striking feature in the scene, was situated on the summit of a hill, that rose in the middle of the town; and the dwellings clustered thickly round its feet, as if they sought the shelter and protection of so proud a fortress; a high and embattled wall, a mile in circumference, circled round eminence and town. The black and enormous keep of the Castle, built on the loftiest point, could be seen at a great distance from many parts of the counties of Cornwall and Devon. Standing on the edge of the steep, and meeting the eye from every hall and cottage on hill or vale, it looked like that dread hold of Giant Despair, that bade Hope itself depart; and justified the words of an old writer, "an ancient Castle, whose steep rocky-footed keep hath his top environed with a treble wall; and in regard

thereof, men say, was called Castle Terrible." It had been in past years the seat of barons bold for a long time, when deeds of violence and tyranny were probably no strangers to its walls. Norden calls it "the Duke's most ancient castle, in which dwelt divers earls and dukes of Cornwall, before William, Earl of Moreton, to whose father, Robert, it was given by William the Conqueror." It had been deserted by the nobles for more than two centuries, and was now in some degree fallen into decay. This decay, however, extended chiefly to the interior, where several of the apartments were much out of repair, and had a dilapidated appearance; without, the walls and towers had suffered little from the ravages of time. The upper part of the mount, on which the fortress stood, was inclosed by three walls, one rising above another; in the open space, or area between, as well as within the edifice, were lodged as many of Hopton's forces as could be contained there; the remainder were quartered in the town beneath.

The commander and his officers would have had cause of congratulation had no worse lodgement received them during the civil broils. There was the large hall, where princes and lords had banqueted, both Saxon and Norman; the smaller hall, called the earl's chamber; there was also a small chapel adjoining, probably for his private use; and a larger chapel, many apartments, and two prisons. The almost impregnable situation of the Castle, now manned by so brave a garrison, would have set at nought all the efforts of the superior army of the Parliament. The latter, conscious of this, had no intention to invest or approach the venerable capital of the province; but were supposed to intend their march for the west, and thus leave it in their rear. Shouts of applause and welcome rung through the streets, as the band of Royalists passed beneath the lofty arch of the gate, and wound up the narrow defiles to the Castle.

The united leaders were soon assembled in the large hall, whose narrow windows might

have looked down on a prospect of great beauty, had they not been almost darkened by the height and gloom of the walls that rose close at hand. The plentiful repast, that appeared ere long, was not an unwelcome sight to men who had marched, though peacefully, the whole day without breaking their fast; and though in Hopton or Granville's force few Cavaliers were found or countenanced who gave way to the excesses and license by which so many during the struggle discredited their cause, the good cheer was received with keen approval: armour and weapons were hung against the walls, that were already loaded with similar adornments: the spacious chimney was fireless and cheerless; for it was now the end of April, when the hearths in this mild province crackle no more with the blazing faggot; fogs and mists, indeed, had come thickly with the departure of cold. Often in the morning did the sentinel on the ramparts see beneath him only a sea of mist, that shrouded valley and hill, as well as the crowded town at his feet; while the inhabitants

beheld the black and frowning masses of the fortress, pillowed as it were by the drifting waves, far above them.

Amidst the warlike accoutrements on the wall, gilded helms, battle-axes, and brightly polished steel cuirasses, appeared a very antique iron helmet, and a strangely shaped hatchet, that seemed to have belonged to one of the old Britons. The origin of this heir loom memorial was this: in the reigns of John and Edward the Second, numerous manors and estates in Cornwall and Devon were held under Launceston, or Dunheved Castle, its ancient name, by what was termed knight's service. It is recorded in the "ancient tenures," that in the twelfth of Edward the First, Robert Hurding held an acre of land and a bakehouse in the town of Launceston, by the serjeantry of being in the *aunciente castell* thereof, with an iron helmet and a Danish hatchet, for forty days in the time of war, at his own proper costs; and after the forty days, if the lord of the place chooses to detain him in the *castell*, it must be

at the cost of the sâme lord." Many burgesses as well as landholders, availed themselves of the aforesaid privilege, and cased their peaceful brows in iron, and wielded the ponderous axe for forty days, within the battlements.

A desolate and ruinous air was spread over the large hall, in spite of the imposing assemblage now gathered there. It seemed to have been long since the sounds of joy and revelry had been heard there, since the minstrel's voice, or the baron's mandate, had shed delight or terror over the faces of the warrior and the dame. The cold and damp stone-floor sounded hollow beneath the tread of the many armed men; the rude granite, the original material of the walls, looked out in many places beneath the wood and plaster that had covered it of yore: it was like the coming of a quiet invading force to a vast and shattered caravanserai on an Eastern plain, whose roof has long shaded none but the peaceful merchant; whose fountain has forgot to cool the lips of any but the weary pilgrim or dervise.

Among the guests now gathered round the huge oaken table, that stood in all its pristine massiveness, were several who had served with Godolphin in the expedition of the Earl of Essex against the Irish rebels, when the former, for his valour in the battle of Arclo, received the honour of knighthood; and had been in that of Kinsale, fought between the Queen's forces and the allied Spaniards and Irish. A few had been also in the wars in the Low Countries, when, in 1601, one hundred gentlemen of the province volunteered to serve in the Netherlands, under Vere; and their experience rendered them a valuable accession to the present force. They were mostly men who had quitted the retirement and ease they had sought in the decline of life, to draw their sword once more for the failing cause of Royalty. The motto of "one and all" could not, however, with any justice, be applied to the conduct of the leading men in the province, during the progress of the contest. Not one of them, probably, desired war for its own sake;

but the seeds of dissension and disunion had been sown before the commencement of the rupture between the King and his Parliament. An earnest petition had been presented to the House, soliciting a redress of grievances; this petition had been disregarded. The sundry causes of complaint were all local, relating chiefly to the decay of the fortifications, and the total neglect by Government of the many fine harbours on the coasts. A few men of rank and affluence, whose possessions, situated in these parts, would have been greatly benefited by the increase of commerce, were mortified at the contempt shown to their request: many of the mercantile class also saw with regret those ports, which Nature had expressly designed for the prosperity of the province, entirely overlooked and slighted, while the channels of industry and wealth were directed to less favourable and useful spots. The desire of change, differences of political feeling, and motives of rivalry, had tended, no doubt, far more than the aforesaid local grievances, to

light the torch of civil war in this distant territory. It was true, the number of discontented spirits was small and powerless, compared to that of the loyal: and although the few who took the field and raised the standard of the Parliament were men of note and degree, they were attended merely by their own retainers; their influence and efforts were alike unavailing to assemble a sufficient force, or induce the peasant, the trader, or the artizan, to take up arms against their king.

Seated beside the veterans who had served with his father, was a young man whom Nature seemed not to have peculiarly fitted for war,—it was the celebrated Sidney Godolphin, on whom Hopton had conferred the rank of colonel, in compliment to his own reputation as well as that of his family. As a scholar and a soldier, he gave promise of great excellence; but was doomed to a brief career, being slain not long afterwards in a skirmish at Chagford, "leaving the misfortune of his death," says Clarendon, "upon a place which could never otherwise

have had a mention in the world. He was a young gentleman of incomparable parts, and whose notable abilities were of great use in all civil transactions;—so he exposed his person to all actions, travel and hazard."

He was at this time engaged in earnest conversation on the wars in the Low Countries with a stout, weather-beaten man, who had for some years laid aside the sword and shield, and betaken himself to the cultivation of his paternal acres in the rich valley beyond the town, through which the beautiful river Tamar wandered. Of a light and active figure, and a countenance full of genius, he seemed to the eye born rather for high eminence in letters than in arms; the path of the former, which he loved to enthusiasm, he quitted when the wrongs, as he deemed them, of the King began to kindle ardent and indignant feelings in his mind. His advice was said to be often taken in these troubled times, by those who were near the Royal person, and who valued the ripeness of his judgment and keenness of his wit.

Sidney had acquired no small fame by his writings, and was considered one of the most eminent poets of his time; the friend of Hobbes, who dedicated one of his works to him, and of the leading wits of the age, he has left a literary rather than a soldier's reputation behind. His poems were distinguished for their eloquence, and the beauty of their sentiment.

Night drew on apace; the entrance of a soldier at intervals for further orders, or with some report of the advance of the enemy, only broke on the discourse of the anxious leaders, who felt that the fate of the province depended on their next movement. The area without was crowded to excess with soldiery; never in the days of its Saxon lords had every avenue and passage been thus peopled. Hopton apologised for the want of better accommodations; and observed that the old hall floor must be the couch of many amongst them, as from long neglect the chambers were almost as desolate, and the scanty number that were in tolerable repair would allow but of few inmates. "It is

a good way," he said, addressing himself to some of the younger officers, "in which to begin a campaign.—Your father, Godolphin, forty years ago, met with harder and wilder quarters in Ireland: this old fortress is the very lap of luxury, compared to the moors and bogs among which he served."

"He used to say," the other answered, "had the service been as long as it was severe and harassing, the Queen would have looked in vain for the return of some of her favourites again: Essex swore she had sent them there, himself of course among the rest, by way of honourably getting rid of them."

"But they had the range of the land," replied the General in his calm tone, "waste and desolate as it was: their free march had no hindrance till they met the foe. We are pent up ingloriously here, and know not when the enemy will be disposed to give us battle: and we may not quit this place of defence."

"It cannot be many days hence," Slanning observed: "we know they were advancing slowly

towards the frontiers, and shall soon hear of their near approach. Stamford may hardly use Attila's words of not letting the grass grow beneath his horses' feet; but he cannot dally much longer."

"His force, 'tis said, is well appointed," the other replied, "and double our own, with two or three officers of note among them: Ruthven too, not daunted by his defeat on Bradock Down, has a command under the Earl. They will not dare to invest the town; and I trust they will not invest themselves in some strong position, although it would be like their tactics."

"In the latter case, General, we shall be both, allow me to say, in the like situation: eating up idly the substance of the country, and regarding each other from a safe and respectful distance. It may suit their affairs, but not our own, which demand instant action. Besides, the whole province is before them, to march where they please over an undefended country, even to the Atlantic."

"True," Hopton replied; "but they may not leave us in their rear: and the last defeat, by my halidome! will make Stamford shun the open waste ground. That fatal down rises like a spectre before him, and he comes like Fabius, to watch and wear us out."

"It will not need many moons to do that," Slanning returned: "famine must, ere the summer comes, wear us out; and the Castle cells, that never held more unwilling captives, may be the resting-place of our bones.—Curse on the dilatory proceedings of the timid Earl! with such a body of men at my heels as he has, I'd not gaze on town and tower afar off, like a guilty marauder, but would walk to the very rocks of the Atlantic, and sweep the wild plains and moors in my way, like a northern blast."

"But not unscathed would be your way, Sir Nicholas," said Godolphin; "you would find firebrands and arrows of death in the path, to disturb that intrepid walk, that bears little semblance to a fierce sally from a beleaguered castle. I've envied you chasing the Puritans

down the slope of Pendennis in a quick and bloody onset, but I wish not to see you generalissimo. The advance would be, in truth, like the blast; but when it was spent, the calm that followed would be a fearful one; for, to pause, to look back, or retreat, forms no part of your creed."

"And why should they? I 've always held, that had more prompt and decided measures been earlier adopted, the cause would by this time triumph: had the King attacked, instead of hesitating; had he, on more than one occasion, borne on the rebels like an angry enemy instead of a pitying king, his affairs would be brighter, and his banner wave from Berwick to the western shore."

"I differ from you entirely," said the other: "the very rashness and impetuosity you praise have more than once been the ruin of the cause. Rupert's hot spirit, in more than one battle, has done more harm than his talents in the field could ever atone for.—But you cannot play Rupert here, Slanning; these heights,

that make my head turn dizzy, make a sally as hazardous as for Stamford to attempt to climb up."

"Ay, by St. Leonard!" said Slanning, with a good-natured laugh, "I 'd forbear a fine sally to see that sight; to look on the crop-ears scaling the steep face of the rocks without, toiling like crabs in a line up a sand-bank; while the stones and rude fragments toppled down, rolling them one upon another.—Godolphin, such a scene is new to you. I 'd give my gage, even to a Puritan, if you could but share in it. Believe me, when we were pinched to skin and bone at Pendennis by three days' fasting, I forgot all in a moment when we saw the Roundheads advancing cautiously up the grassy steep, looking to right and left as if a mine was about to spring at every step: some of them pausing behind a bank, others looking on the wave below, and the rush, and the scattering as the Castle-gate was thrown open, and on we came. By my father's crest, 'twas glorious!"

"I doubt it not," said Hopton; "but for our

banner's sake, and the King's, I 'd rather such onset should be in the open field.—And now, gentlemen, the night wears fast, and warns us to seek repose; the best lodgement our quarters afford is prepared. We ought to pray for the Puritans' arrival, were it only to give us elbow-room: the very prison-floors have been tenanted —one of them, at least; the others had a tenant, ere my arrival, placed there by the good magistrates of the town below."

"What prisoner may it be?" was asked, "and for what crime?"

"His crime consists in his being a Republican," replied the other; "and I am assured he is a dangerous person to let go forth at the present moment. He is a man not yet past his youth, of respectable family and attainments, and has seen much of the world. But it seems he has embraced the enthusiastic doctrines of the Puritans, and does not scruple to endeavour to spread them in the province of which he is a native, when any opportunity occurs."

"Is his name Carries?" Trevanion inquired with some interest.

"The same, I think," was the reply.

The company soon after separated, and repaired wherever fancy directed them to seek repose; the helms and buff coats placed idly round, served several for a pillow; many a veteran made his couch on the venerable pavement, and thought how often in other lands the sky had been his only canopy; several preferred the freshness of the night-air and the green slope without, to the gloomy apartments within; and soon, so deep a silence had come over the place, that the slow footfall of the sentinel without could be distinctly heard.

CHAPTER X

"He loved the quiet joys that wake
By lonely stream and silent lake;
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is cliff, and copse, and sky."

SCOTT.

WHO does not feel a charm in the stillness and impressiveness of a beautiful night, in any clime, and at every age? The prophet has loved to pour forth his warnings on the earth and its crimes, when its veil has been for a while drawn over them: the hero has shrunk from the career he had marked in blood, and thought for a moment of calmer and happier things: the saint, when the majesty of the night is upon the earth, has rushed with joy to seek inter-

course with that world of spirits, that seems then to open more vividly to his fancy, more ardently to his hope. In that chosen land, where patriarch and pilgrim alike have bent the knee, in the stillness of its solemn retreats, there is a glory in this hour, which in other lands is not seen; and which the curse that has levelled palace, and throne, and altar, has in mercy spared still. Where the waters of Galilee are spread in their majestic valley, the night comes down in such power and vividness, as if Heaven still loved the hallowed scene, and still shed over it a peculiar favour. From the height where yet stand the ruins of the City that was once "lifted up to heaven," but now utterly cast down, to the point whence the sacred river rushes forth, all is enchanting, as if angels dwelt there; but hushed as the grave, for the foot of man has long passed away: the Arab will not sojourn there; his courser's tread is not heard by day, nor his dark tent seen through the gloom. Even to the howling wilderness, the fearful land, the night alone brings a semblance

of beauty; when the fierce glare of the sky is veiled, and the soft silvery hue rests on the sandy ocean and its broken waves, and the precipices cast their long shadows on the traveller's path, who hails the scene, that is as dear to his eye as the stream to his parched lips. The ruin of other times never has such dignity and sadness, as when the dim, solemn light is on its roofless temple, broken altars, and empty niches —it seems as if the voice as well as the array of mourning was within, and that those who were once worshipped there have come back to their desolate places. So sadly looked the Castle of Dunheved, on which the moon was now shedding her fullest radiance: its huge masses, projecting on the edges of the precipices, were flung boldly and darkly forth against the clear midnight sky: the lofty keep stood aloof, a fierce memorial of human tears and crimes. Along the tranquil face of rock and grassy hill stole at times low sounds and voices from the dwellings beneath, and the gleam of some watch-fire was seen to bicker forth for a moment, and then

expire again. The town, with its narrow streets, irregular stone and wooden dwellings and hovels, was sunk in the broad shadow of the hill: beyond, was a "deep solitary vale," through which the river Tamar wound, glittering at intervals, till its course was lost in the distance.

The night was far advanced, when Trevanion approached one of the prisons in the Castle. The door was unlocked by the soldier who attended him, and he entered a low, dark chamber with a floor of stone; a single light burned there, by which might be discovered a table and chair, on the former of which some books were scattered, and in a corner was placed a flock-bed. He saluted, with a friendly air, the inmate of this cell, who was slowly pacing to and fro its narrow floor, who cordially returned his greetings, expressing his surprise at the visit.

"I did not expect, Carries," said the former, "to have met you thus."

"Not thus! What is there in my present situation so fearful, or deserving of pity?"

"I know your peculiar way of thinking," was the reply, "but a confinement such as this cannot be pleasant to bear."

"I have traversed too much, Trevanion," he said, "of the world, and borne too many of the changes of the way, to allow a durance like this to ruffle my temper. I might tell you that I love to suffer, but you would smile at me for saying so."

"These cold, damp walls," said the other, "where, no doubt, many a criminal as well as victim has been immured; this dim light, and the loss of the free air and liberty; what is there in all this to charm?"

"I have fared much worse," he replied, looking at the repast that had just been placed on the table, "and been worse lodged in more than one monastery abroad; I did not complain then, when I sought those places from the love of wandering; and why should I now, when I bear this for conscience' sake?"

"Go!—you are an enthusiast," replied the other; "I will not say fanatic. For conscience'

sake!—it moves me to hear a man of your sense talk in that way of mishaps and adversities, which you make for yourself, when the stake of kingdoms is playing for around you, and men risk life, fame, and fortune on each side."

"I have not blenched from dangers," replied the prisoner, "when they have crossed my path: there are moments, perhaps, when I wish I could think and feel as you do, spurred on by an heroic impulse to sustain a falling throne; yet these feelings are but as passing clouds—no, it would be sinful to yield to them."

"Better that you had yielded to and embraced them, and joined the devoted ranks of those who rally round the Crown and the Altar; you would then gain fame, Carries, a place in the history of your country—whereas now—But come, leave this cell, and walk with me on the ramparts; the night-breeze is fresher than the damp air of this place."

"Fame," said the other, following, while his eye brightened, and his cheek became flushed,

"is a noble thing; I do not wonder at the risks men run to obtain it."

"I know you love celebrity dearly," said Trevanion, resuming the discourse; "why not choose the brightest path in which it is to be found? The one you have embraced may do very well for stern fanatics and unknown men, but it can lead only to obscurity and persecution."

"Not so," he answered, with a smile; "not altogether to obscurity. We are widely disunited in our views, as well as our paths, through life. You have a long line of illustrious ancestors to boast of, and to look back on: I have not in the like degree; and cannot, perhaps, feel urged to the same high career as yourself. My present zeal, hope, and ambition, are the result of the early bias of my feelings by the best of parents; those feelings animated me to that long career of travel and pilgrimage, which I would not exchange, Trevanion, for all your advantages."

"You should have lived, Carries," said his companion, "in the days of the Crusades, when each man marched in the full assurance of a spotless cause, and with a conscience armed against all possibilities."

"You have touched the string," said the other, "to which my heart has often responded—the Cross! That was, in truth, an illustrious cause, though the creed was dark that drew the myriads on—to have gained a name or a grave in that land, on whose very wastes sleeps the dust of noble Paladins—far more, whose every rock and stream is hallowed, and each solitary place embalmed by the feet of Him, who there gained for us an eternal victory! On those wastes my head has slept at night; and the shadow of its rocks been my home by day: you know not how light their memory has made my prison to me."

"This is a strange enthusiasm," Trevanion replied. "Are not these scenes as worthy to be defended as the distant ones on which you dwell? Seldom have I seen a lovelier hour

than this: look at the hills and vales, and the wastes that spread beyond! will not the clod of his native valley, the turf of the moor, or the heath that shall cover him, be as welcome to the dying man as the hallowed soil you speak of? The latter, if I mistake not, has not embraced all your zeal: you had sufficient left to take arms against your King, and draw your sword against your country."

"When I returned to my native land," replied the latter, "I found war kindling; and the new faith, as you call it—the pure and animating sentiments, as I deem them, were spreading far and wide; I embraced, and love them. Let me return to the cell, and years pass over me there; or let me mount the scaffold—but I will never yield up the freedom of my spirit or of my country. 'Twas for that I drew the sword—would to God I had never drawn it!"

"And are you so prepared to meet death in such a form?" replied the other. "I doubt you deceive yourself."

"It may be that I am deceived as to my own

endurance," said the prisoner; "the dungeon and the scaffold are fearful things;—yet why is death so fearful?" he added, raising his eyes to the brilliant sky, whose lights were now fading at the approach of dawn: "if it be sweet to lay the head on the soil where His was laid, far happier must that scene be, where it shall sleep no more, nor mourn the darkening of its beloved dreams; where Immortality, that beautiful vision, that haunts our steps through life, and hovers round our grave, shall be embodied—and be ours for ever!"

Trevanion, struck with the fervour of his manner, paused and looked fixedly at him, as their steps were now arrested by the descent: his features were lighted up with unusual energy, and his slight form stood on the edge of the rocky steep, contrasted strongly with the tall and knightly figure of his companion.

"I see it is in vain then," he said, "to urge you to embrace the Royal cause; and as I do not agree in the opinion of the honest burgesses of the town, of dark plots and treacheries haunt-

ing your path, I will undertake to procure your freedom. It is for the sake of one, whom you well know, as well as from my own regard for you, that I do this.—You will not, I know, follow the standard of the enemy."

"You need not harbour the thought," he replied.

"It is well," said Trevanion; "by to-morrow you shall be free, if my words can effect it."

The prisoner took the proffered hand of his visitor, and warmly pressed it; then left the breezy rampart, descended the winding stairs to his gloomy cell once more, and heard its massive door locked and barred behind him.

Again left alone, the inmate of the cell turned impatiently from the damp walls, on which the taper's light faintly fell, and thought of the loved wilds and shores with which his step was familiar. To amuse the time, he began to read one of the religious treatises of the times, out of several that lay confusedly before him; but not with any great steadiness or fixedness of attention, for his look fre-

quently wandered from the page, as if some momentary reverie, more than the learned author's matter, was in possession of his thoughts. William Carries, at present sole owner of an ancient seat, called Carries House, was the only one of his name at this time existing in the county, whose families, like those of Wales, cover every valley and mountain side with their thick and wide-spreading branches. The seat of his fathers, in consequence of its present master's long absence, was in no very high state of preservation: he was not, in truth, a proprietor disposed; to stay at home, gaze on his paternal acres with pride, beautify the drear walls of his hereditary mansion, or build up anew the cots, hedges, and fences, and inclose many a snug field from the neighbouring and neglected common. In his parent's lifetime he had never any taste for these simple yet necessary pursuits; and afterwards he had roved too wide and far to allow him to regard them without distaste and aversion. His father had been a follower of the See of Rome; but his mother, whom he had tenderly loved, was a zealous

Protestant. It had been her delight to sow, incessantly and deeply, the same sentiments and feelings in the mind of her only child that had long blessed and animated her own. In the situation in which they dwelt, "a grey stone dwelling, on a low hill side," it may be conceived that the converse, sharpened by tenderness, of a woman who was, in truth, one among a thousand, sunk deeply into the heart and memory of the boy, and grew and strengthened with his growth. His father was an opulent squire, attached to his faith more by habit than zeal, the latter of which was never strong enough to make him interfere with the sentiments of his son: provided his home was a kind and cheerful one, and his neighbours, when they came, found a bright hearth and good cheer, he cared for little else. Scarcely a dwelling was within view; the spire of Quethiock church rose in the midst of the desolate common, over every part of which its bell rang clear and solemnly, as it called the few living to the house of prayer, or the wretched to their last resting place.

In this lone place the youth was not, however, wholly without resource; his many leisure hours were passed alternately in reading, and traversing the wild scenes near which he lived: the stern shore, and the still and sweet valleys opening on the sea. And here he had dwelt often in imagination, even to rapture, on fairer lands and scenes, some descriptions of which he had read, or heard of from a chance pilgrim, who found a shelter beneath his father's roof; in talking with whom he often wiled the night-hours away. At times, when his religious feelings rose to enthusiasm, he longed to tread "the ancient, the chosen land," as ardently as ever patriarch wished to breathe his last there. This desire was not a solitary one in this age: a few noblemen, among them the Lord Carnarvon, set out to realize it.

His mother smiled at times to hear of these plans and prospects, and would observe it was a weary and hazardous way; and contentment at home was sweeter than all the pleasures it could afford. The deficiency of his education, com-

mon at that time to the province, as well as to the family seat, and the unsettled habit of mind he acquired in a life where every hour was his own, and had no fixed occupation, proved afterwards, in his various course, to be real misfortunes. They were only redeemed by a brilliancy of imagination, a pure taste that nature seemed to have given him, and an extreme ardour and endurance of spirit in the path it chose: qualities which the hour of trial drew forth, but the calmness and monotony of his native roof had thus far concealed. And now he resolved to indulge the long and lovely visions that he had fostered: the only tie that bound him to his native spot was his mother's love; for whose sake he thought he could have dwelt for ever in the hall or the hovel. Yet he bade her adieu, gazed for the last time on that mild and pleading countenance, left the walls of his dwelling, and launched forth at once on the wide world.

It was singular how entirely the delicate and solitary habits of his life yielded to the strong

excitement of the way: things painful, now became sweet; and, after many years, he returned, another man. He came to his native place like one risen from the dead, and entered again the dwelling that was now tenantless. He found that both his parents were dead, and had bequeathed him a handsome though not extensive patrimony. He resided for some time in his own dwelling; but the high and incessant excitement to which, for some years, he had been accustomed, made the sameness and listlessness of such a life seem an intolerable burden. Fortunately for the welfare of his mind, the civil war broke out, and in the questions that were agitated respecting religion as well as politics, it found the stimulus it wanted. His slumbering enthusiasm was fanned at once into a flame, and he eagerly chose his part, by joining the ranks of the insurgents, and was at the first great battle at Edgehill, and one or two subsequent fights. But, shocked at the useless slaughter of the day, as well as disgusted with the violent and insincere proceedings of many

of the Parliamentarians, he quitted the army, and returned to his own province.

The age of the Revolution, among its remarkable results, was rich in the many singular characters it produced, both in high and low life, peaceful as well as warlike. Many of these sunk into oblivion; and, like the present character, were little known to fame, even in their day; because they did not cleave their way to it by the sword, or seek their own aggrandizement alone, while words of self-abasement were on their lips. His present retreat removed him from the fierce party struggles and rivalries that drew every able spirit of the time within their vortex. A fiery enthusiasm did not belong to the temper of the man: his was of a fervent, but mild and dreamy character, that loved to vent itself in thoughts, words, and musings; but shrunk from the stern deed, and the sterner word, and would not probably have drawn the anger of the rulers of the province, had he not come to the capital at the time the enemy's army was drawing near. The knowledge of his having

once served in the ranks, though he had since voluntarily quitted them, combined with the Republican principles he professed, procured him a speedy and close confinement in the Castle. Had he fallen into the hands of some of the ruthless Cavaliers of the time, his shrift had perhaps been shorter.

The day and night passed slowly within the walls of his narrow chamber. There was one feeling that came over him, more thrilling, perhaps, than any other the future or the past could bring. While he brooded over it, the war and its events, the falling into pieces of the monarchy and the church, and the rising triumph of his own loved principles, faded from his mind. He looked at the grated window and the grey sky above, with a deep sigh, and an earnest prayer for freedom.

CHAPTER XI.

"We deck our hair
With flow'rets fair,
And perfume our wings with their breath;
We dance on the green
Unheard—unseen,
And we weep at the glow-worm's death."

WHILE these scenes had been going on in the Castle, the town beneath had scarcely been more tranquil. The inhabitants were all well affected to the Royal cause, but they could not see, without some misgivings, the lodgement of so considerable a body of troops within their walls. The fear of hard privations crept on the minds of many, for the supplies of provisions in the town were far from plentiful. These were not easy to be procured at this

season of the year, in what might almost be called a beleaguered town, not even by the force of wealth, in which some of the Royal leaders were by no means deficient. The farmers in the adjoining districts, terrified at the near approach of the Parliament forces, who often made a clean sweep of the good things of the land, began to conceal their stocks of corn; and often had the foraging parties returned to the walls empty handed. At present, however, in spite of these gloomy presages, ere famine came like an armed man, there was excitement and joy in the place. Many of the soldiers, the Castle being too small to contain the entire force, were billeted on the dwellings of the narrow, dark, dirty streets, that wound in a circular sweep round the lofty hill. A few of these, belonging to the wealthier inhabitants, were of coarse stone, with tiled roofs, and deep, arched, and diminutive windows, that, like those of many a castle of the time, would have baffled a cannon ball. At the back of the confined streets, the hill sloped down into the fair and spa-

cious valley watered by the Tamar. Lovely and smiling was the scene that opened from many a dingy chamber and rough hewn portal of wood, of the houses that stood on the brink of this slope, down whose verdant sides now streamed the lights, and mingled voices of merriment came. In one of these apartments was now seated a jovial and motley company. On the naked walls and black rafters were hung many a helm and weapon, and the few hardy soldiers who owned them sat round a misshapen table, near the open-door, with the tenants of the dwelling; they leaned forward eagerly on the table, discussing the contents of a large stone pitcher of strong ale, which they lifted by turns to their lips. A few wooden utensils were ranged along a rude shelf, beneath which, her head almost shouldering them away from the wall, sat a short, squat, matron-like woman, her hands rigidly clasped on her lap, and her looks fixed calmly on the soldiers. From the wedged position in which she sat, she might be taken for one of the mummies in its ancient case.

There was a concentred fire, however, in her eye, that, it was evident, any accidental spark might strike into a flame. The fact was, her good man had been seized with the mania of loyalty, and, leaving his peaceful occupation, had assumed his pike and joined the forces; a huge cat, seated beside her on the same high stool beneath the shelf, seemed to regard the boisterous soldiers as calmly, yet as inveterately, as her mistress; and, as the sounds rung louder at intervals through the low room, erected her back, and stood fiercely ready to avenge this intrusion on the wonted stillness of the mansion. Her only son too, a youth of about fifteen, had followed his sire's example; and with dismay the dame saw that loyalty might be a fair thing in proud castles, or in the open field, but occasioned fearful disorder within the wooden walls of her domicile. From her youth up, she had known nothing but peace there, and had looked over the steep, down the valley, morn and eve, with the same contented mind: the low wall that protected the founda-

tion of her dwelling, with the verdant slope that often crumbled down with the heavy rains, had been the extent of her wandering. She had beheld the river flood all its banks beneath, and pitied the case of many an unhappy cottage around which the floods gathered, and compared it exultingly to her own elevated one. But the tide of war now swept away every barrier; often the clash of weapons and the proud voices of armed men had been heard above her head on the Castle steep, but now they came on her own rude earthen floor. The party, both of young and old, seemed to enter entirely into the spirit of the hour: they laughed, and pledged healths, and sung discordant songs, till the low roof rang again. Highly and gaily was King Charles toasted, and the hardy Puritans sent with many an execration to their own place. The owner of the mansion was an elderly man with a hard hand and a wrinkled brow; a stoop in his shoulders made him look older than his still vigorous frame warranted: with his arms outstretched on

the table, and his hand grasping that of a rude soldier opposite, while his matted beard swept the naked board, he uttered vows of fidelity to the standard that waved above, mingled with many a threat. At his side, his shrill voice mingling with the deep tones of his father, was the only son, his ruddy face and blue eye swimming with delight at the stern words he heard, and the joy of being freed from his hard daily drudgery, by going forth with the host to fight. Directly opposite to them was a war-worn and hard-featured man, his heavy helm drooping low on his deeply-lined forehead, and the thin white locks straggling in view from beneath. There was no mistaking the veteran Andrews: his large, bony left hand grasped the pitcher, while he abandoned his right to the cordial shakes and squeezes of his hoary entertainer, with whom he had been acquainted in youht. His bushy brow sunk heavily over his large eye, which he turned from one to the other of the

party with an expression of complacency and patronage. The deep, short laugh at times, though it scarcely opened his lips, told the secret exultation he felt at seeing his words and promises so eagerly received: they had, in truth, kindled a flame that it was not easy to quench. Beside him, round the board, sat a few of his military comrades, men far younger than himself: it was evident, the deference they paid him was due to his somewhat higher rank in the force, as well as to the long and severe experience he had known.

"Your ale is good, by the Norman banner! my old host," said Andrews, "and its powers o' way yet to the bottom. This is the way soldiers live, you see: the long march, the weary step, and then the cheering can,—the life has thriven well with me, has it not?"

"Ah, Master Andrews," said the host, "ye're a lucky man: the velyas (fairies) ha' bin about your walkin' and had the leadin' ye —husil ol war' luhas — their counsel on your

head—to think o' the powers o' doins you 've had, and now to ha' the bearin' o' the standard, aneist his own side ! Areiré, 'tis wondersome !"

"Tas tavas velyas," came forth a shrill voice from beneath the shelf, "dare ye speak o' the velyas, and they 're harkin' aneist the coin, or in the luth outside o' the shadow o' the wall: hark to the sound o' runnin' feet, 'tis no cremmin o' the waters in the bottom, nor the flawin' river.—Necklis, ye 've done enough to bring undule and sorrowness to our holdin' : but hush ! the moon is gloryin' in the hill-side ; the wind is lyin' in the thistle leaves ; the King's men are quiet from their boastin' upon the Castle rock. In their awn hour, the velyas are croonin' and skeelin' with their bright eye by the door : feerce will that eye be upon sitch doins."

A sudden paleness overspread each martial countenance at these words ; their own accents, after a long pause, came dull and tremulously forth : the spell of the gay moment was broken, and the incensed dame, like the fairies she spoke of, had done her bidding. The huge

stone pitcher stood untouched, and the men stared on one another, and listened to some sound they fancied they heard from without. There was a dead silence throughout the low chamber, broken only by the clashing of a heavy sword on the floor, as the wearer turned anxiously to gaze on each side.

"Necklis," the voice began again, "ken ye your awn doins, or your onlie child's beside ye? —he, a man o' war, or you, as grey as the grey cliff by the stream; ye 're leavin' me lone as the pyat in his bed o' wood."

Such was the implicit and awful belief given to the velyas, or fairies of the West, in the provinces of Cornwall and Devon, that the hardiest soldier dared not rebel against their influence, or question their commands. Their rule was more rife in the cottage than the palace; though the noble as well as the high "ladye," have often turned pale in the fear of their malice: happy were they who could secure their kind spell, or believe themselves to be the objects of it, which was much the same thing.

The tenants of the cottage that stood on the lone moor, or by the green hill-side, were the most blessed in this respect: the faith in these gracious, or malicious beings, was, of course, either, as the humours took them, and made a part of their very existence. The miner descended to his deep and dangerous employ with alacrity and hope, when he deemed the velyas smiled upon his enterprise, and he fully expected that the rich ore would quickly glitter in his eye. The fisherman wended his way to his fishing-grounds, trolling with a light heart as he went, some ancient lay, in the confidence of finding his nets well laden. Even the smuggler's fierce eye looked far and more ardently to seaward, sure that the waves would soon bring the bark in view; for the fairies had been seen to dance in a charmed circle on the white sea-beach, where his cottage stood, the evening before. The cruel wrecker was a firm believer in their power; and when the moonlight was on the wave, that came without noise to the shore, and the sea moaned heavily at eve, he sallied forth

cautiously beneath the rocks to listen, and in the rising blast often fancied he heard the sounds or footstep of these beings,—the tokens of a coming wreck. The master of the house now looked to his spouse, then to the hill-side without the door; no breeze came moaning by, and the distant rushing of the river was but faintly heard: he strove to speak, but the power failed him; and the pike on which his hand had been laid, sunk powerless by his side. Andrews, at last, roused by a mingled feeling of shame and confusion, summoned courage.

"Tresidder, this is child's play: I've been where these things are nothing thought of; and I don't believe," with a visible quaver of voice, "that is, I've been so long away, that it's gone out o' mind, as one may say. So—hark! that's the rounds calling in the Castle above; ay, there's the sound of the trumpet—ha, ha! no quiverin' o' feet, or whisperin' o' voices. I'm glad you've taken heart, Tresidder, to carry pike for the King;—a man's never too old or too young for that."

"That's o' my mind, Master Andrews; I'm a strong man, you see, still, pure and mightie; I bin a ditcher and plougher, and from my yerly days ha' roosted in this holdin' that ha' fended Margy, and me, and the boy, a leu bit as 'tis; and now we 're goin', you say, to march to the sea and the coast, that my eye never kenned, and gie the cruel crop-ears their——"

"Into the sea, Tresidder,—into the sea with them: you shall see things that 'll make your old eye glisten like the cat's there, that's keepin' company with your good dame.—Resceigh, was 'nt that my Lord's word; 'No rest,' says he, 'to the sole of our foot, while the enemy ha' got a foot of our land?'"

"He did," said the soldier, "they 've harried my father's dwellin' in the North, and they shall gie dear pay'n' back, if wonce my pike gits aneist 'em. I 'll think upon the ould man's burnin' wall, the rafter that ha' stood so pure a time, the furze rick, the turf stack, the arlont—Welas hada (well, alas!) the place is wisht and undulin, that was so comelie o' yore."

"And what right ha' they to do that?" said the host,—"to come harryin' a tidy gwythy land; that was my sayin': to-day, says I, here's our restin': the stream dripplin' through the bottom: the hill-side all shinin' wi' cowlis and dellas, (daisies and flowers) and afore the night's ower, maybe, the hill, our hill afore the door, may be ringin' wi' the tramplin' o' feet, and all like a ploughed croft.—And ye wudden be gatherin' yerself up there, Margy, like a badger in his hole.—Givis some ale; we 'll ha' a quaffin' afore the dark is ower."

"Ale," replied the dame, rising, however, to fill the huge pitcher; "ye've got the onlie drop aneath the rafter, so mak' the farnest of 'en. Ye 're gwein whare ye'll be joyd to git a drap to coolde your burnin' tongue: a pike in yer limbs, and aterwards you 'll be kovined wi' a pitchfork into the pit o' darkness. And for that stranger there beside; ha' you no childe or wyfe, ould man, to quelle yer heart, or bring down the pride o' your eye."

The veteran seemed proof against this attack;

and seizing the pitcher, took a long and hearty draught. "And now," he said, "by way o' company to the good ale, let's rise some old ditty, comrades: I know but one, that I've sung ayond the sea, of my countrymen going against Harry the VIIth, to set up William de la Pole, the Earl of Suffolk: they were six thousand strong, armed with bows and arrows, the latter three feet long,*—they fell most of them in the bloody day o' Blackheath."

He then began, all the others joining him, the old ditty, in the provincial tongue, of which the following is a free translation—Pytet drylyas mear Tudor: haga trethé ha da venyn,

The Western men are marching on,
With bended bow and flashing eye;
To give La Pole the Tudor's throne,
And quell proud Harry's tyranny.

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* Hollinshed says, "That at the battle of Blackheath, between the Royal troops and the Cornish insurgents, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of rebel archers, whose arrows were in length a full cloth yard."

Their colours stream on Launson's wall,
And Audley's haughty banner 's there ;
While swiftly, to his own loved hall,
Rush desolation and despair.

Loud rings the portal's massive arch,
They hasten to the Tamar's wave ;
And all alone, unaided, march,
Fierce Henry on his throne to brave.

The wail is loud in cot and tower,
They come no more ! they come no more !
Lord Audley's bride, within her bower,
Weeps that her love's young hope is o'er.

They fell on Blackheath's fatal field,
And died as gallant men should die ;
Once more we 'll take the spear and shield,
Earl Suffolk be the battle cry !

Whether this was the whole of the ditty or not, is uncertain ; for just at this moment the deep and discordant voices of the party, as they joined in the chorus " Once more we 'll take," was interrupted by a sudden and startling sound. It was a distant peal of laughter from the Castle steep above their heads, repeated and rendered half unearthly by the echoes of the surrounding rocks. It came faint and ominously into the

low, narrow chamber, whose door and window were both open to the night air: each deemed it the laugh of the fairies. Dark and untimely, it is ever thought, will be the fate of him who, on the moor, the hill side, or beneath his own still roof, hears towards morn the piercing, heartless laugh of the velyas. Even the face of the veteran turned deadly pale; he looked on each of his companions, on whose lips the "spear and shield" of the song had trembled and died like words of dismal omen: his own weighty hand, uplifted to give force to the song, was arrested in mid air: " 'Tis not for myself," he muttered, " that I fear any foreboding; but for him: God sain his head, and uplift his banner!" As for Tresidder, he gazed with open mouth and moveless limbs, not on the moonlight or the grassy bank without, but on the huge and nearly full stone pitcher he held with a grasp as tight as if he grappled a mortal enemy in the field. The dame alone came forth from her resting-place, trembling but triumphant; her attitude no more rigid and calm, but bold and menacing.

"You war loath to take warnin'; ye've harkind to what isn' o' the yerth, or the sky above; and dreir is the foreboding to all o' ye. But for that bloody man, that ould and sore temter, that ha' bringd this trouble to our quiet roofe—"

"Call me not a bloody man, good-woman," said Andrews, wholly overcome by his own fears: "a hard man I ha' been; but—but what ye say is heard, and will be taken count of, maybe, by other ears."

"And you got the grace to say so," she said, waxing bolder. "Oh, to see the proud heart o' man like a mill stone, made to milt like water. Areiré, I'm talkin' wi' pride," with a visible quaver of tone, "and I'm owerheard by them that ha' no bidin' o' high words from ane o' the yerth.—You arena so begone as to go forth," she said to Andrews, seeing him resuming his arms, "into the glimmer o' the clear moon, ater what's come."

The veteran paused as if some early remembrance had come over him, laid down his helm

and sword again, and sat doggedly at the board with a sullen look, averting his eyes from the green bank without, on which the dew had fallen heavily.

The dame, with somewhat the air of an Indian savage in his covert, darting her glance wildly from side to side, as if afraid to rest it on any hostile thing, made her way to the low door, closed it softly and carefully, and next the window; then, conscious in her heart that the passion of her husband and son was effectually cooled, and that her roof would not be made desolate, disposed of her tranquil guests as best suited the convenience of her mansion; and repose, or the semblance of it, soon came down upon all.

On the morrow, the slanting sun-beams had scarcely entered his dull abode, when the inmate of the Castle cell was led forth to be examined before the Royal officers; as much courtesy was shown him as could be expected, when treachery within the walls was, to be guarded against as well as the enemy without. On entering the dark

and ancient hall where the officers were assembled, he cast around a hurried and agitated glance, and his face became yet more pale. Despotic power, especially when lodged in the hands of men whom every moment may summon to their own or others' deaths, is always a fearful thing to face; and when the prisoner gazed on the stern and hostile looks of many a cavalier, and the mailed array of all, he thought he had seldom been in a more fearful strait.

"You are suspected," said the General, "of a correspondence with the enemy, who are on their march to attack this fortress."

"It is a foul suspicion," he replied, "and is belied by the whole of my past conduct and character."

"You will not deny," was the answer, "that you have served in the enemy's ranks; that you have played no mean part in this wicked rebellion? What brings you within these walls, at this critical moment? Is it not to serve the cause to which you are devoted?"

"He has the tone and bearing of a determin-

ed rebel," observed Mohun; "a short shrift would be the safest award."

"Ay, my Lord Mohun," the accused replied, "'twere easy to make a short shrift with a single and defenceless man in the midst of this martial array. Yet that voice should be for gentle deeds, my Lord; for it was long ere the die was cast, whether your banner should wave for the prince or for his subjects, and yet no scath came to your house or lineage. Stanley did wisely at Bosworth field, when he charged for Richmond, just as fortune wandered to his side."

"This is trifling," said Hopton: "say briefly what brought you to this town; and why, having been in arms as a rebel, you come stealthily, perhaps from Stamford's camp, a secret spy, to poison the loyal minds of the inhabitants. If so, you say truly that your shrift will be short."

"I had no motive of this kind, General; but came to this town, in my way to my own residence, before your force had entered it. I

have been treated as a felon, as the vilest criminal! suffered to linger for days and weeks in that wretched cell, without knowing of what I was accused;—I say again, that I left the ranks of a brave and oppressed people voluntarily, because I saw the ambitious designs of their leaders, and the ceaseless bloodshed they would bring on my country; and think you that I would stoop to be a spy to the luxurious Stamford; that I would crouch within these walls in order to bring ravage and the sword beneath their peaceful roofs? I see that I am not believed.—Colonel Trevanion, you will speak for me."

The latter then spoke strongly and decidedly in favour of the accused; that he was incapable of the charge imputed to him; that though an enthusiast and a republican, as his past and present conduct proved, he was of too open and honourable a spirit to engage in any secret designs or traitorous correspondence with the adverse force; and he concluded by strongly urging his being set at liberty.

These words made an impression on the assembly, though the opinion of the speaker did not seem to be that of several of the officers, who thought it might be ill-judged, as well as dangerous, to allow him to go at large, fully informed as to the state and number of the garrison, while the enemy was on the march into the heart of the province. He was required to pledge himself never again to take up arms against the royal cause, and to hold no intercourse with the republicans. This he peremptorily refused; and was about to be remanded to his prison, when Sir Beville Granville, who had attentively regarded him for some time, interposed, and pledged himself for his good conduct.

"Thanks, more than tongue can express," said the latter, in a voice that faltered with emotion; "my foot has long been on the heath and shore, free and unfettered as the sea-bird's wing, and I dread that gloomy cell, even as the valley of the shadow of death, for there is but a step between them. Again I shall breathe the

pure air of my native hills, listen to the wild waves' roar, and gaze on the heavens, whose dim ray has seldom entered my grated window. For these blessings, Lord of Stowe, I am indebted to you; for your sake I could wish well to the banner that droops above your head, and pray that your path may be one of light and victory —but it may not be!"

"And why not?" said the latter; "why may it not be one of light and victory? I am deceived in those features, if they do not betoken a sincere and devoted spirit: speak, then, without disguise or fanaticism: report says that you have gained experience in many a distant and perilous land; but to foresee future events is hardly among your acquisitions."

"It needs not to be a fanatic or prophet," said the latter firmly, "to foretel the issue of this contest: the sword that was first drawn by the Sovereign, will not be sheathed till it is steeped in the blood of the highest and the noblest. Where a people fight ruthlessly for their liberty and faith, the two choicest gifts of God,

the throne and the sceptre must, in the end, go down before them. I will not say, with some zealots, there is a vial of wrath poured out on the haughty Court; but no one can deny the blind fatality, the stern obduracy that actuate the prince and his counsellors, as if fate, like a spectre, stood at their side, and urged them on. When I saw the success of the day at Edgehill snatched, against hope, out of his hands, and the melancholy aspect with which he bade his shattered squadrons retire, I said, Heaven has set its seal on that anointed brow, but not for glory or dominion!"

"Dreaming fatalist!" said the nobleman he addressed, "I would, for my King's sake, that all your associates were of the same mind, and trusted to destiny rather than to their good swords and deep-laid designs!—That banner, believe me, will never droop to a rebel's hand."

"It will never droop, my Lord, while the hand that has burst my fetters sustains it; but defeat and disaster will, ere long, be gathered around it, by those who strike for a broken law

and a violated hearth. Some of the stern and unpitying eyes that are now turned on me, will be lifted to others for pity,—to men who will not spare; and this mailed and glittering array will feel the ravages of the sword, as when the voice of the warrior is turned to mourning, and his garments are rolled in blood."

"Should these words come to pass, it will be no more than the fortune of war, ever changing," was the cold but not angry reply; and after a few words with the General, it was signified to him by the latter, that he was at liberty, on condition that he instantly quitted the town and neighbourhood.

He bowed gratefully to the two commanders, by whose interference this boon had been granted, and quitting the fortress, descended with an eager step the declivity, and was soon without the gates; and every pathless tract, far as his eye could reach, was open to his choice. But the war had now changed the character of these hitherto peaceful places: as he passed onward, he met in many a bottom, and on the face of

many a waste, small parties of the natives eagerly hastening to the head-quarters of the force, like as he had seen the gathering of the Bedouins from the depths of their deserts, when some rival tribe is to be opposed, and band after band issues forth on the sandy wild, from behind rock, palm-grove, and hillock. More than once Carries was startled, as he came in sight of some well-known hamlet, to find the tenants "arrayed for the field," quitting their thresholds, or rapidly winding along some narrow gully washed by the frequent rains. From the very depths of the earth they were seen ascending, with looks gleaming like those of angry Tritons from the deep, whose appearance they did not a little resemble, their woollen garments, as well as their dishevelled locks, dripping fast with water they had imbibed below. They had seized the heavy instruments with which they plied their work, and, crowding together, demanded, with fierce shouts, to be led against the enemy. The scene where this occurred was worthy of the character of the men; in the face of dark

cliffs, and on the bosom of the Northern Sea, even below its waves, were the excavations of these hardy miners carried. The storms that roared hoarsely above their heads, when the wind was on-shore, did not prevent their carrying on their perilous but lucrative employ.

The news came suddenly that Sir Beville was in the field, and had raised his banner for the King; the intelligence kindled every spirit in an instant. As he heard their wild cries from beneath, he bent over the face of the precipice, at whose feet the wave rolled heavily; and saw the rugged forms of these men, as they waved their heavy weapons in the air, and summoned their companions on every side. At every moment, some dark figure, with its ample garments, started from beneath the surface of the earth, or from some butting crag, and ranged itself beside those of its comrades, with many a wild word and gesture. Then breasting the steep ascent, they quickly stood on the turf above, a united and desperate body. On quitting the spot, and entering on the thinly inhabited parts

of the country, the traveller's progress was more calm, for each sight and sound seemed to have passed away; and it was with no small pleasure he at last perceived the smoke of a cottage in the distance.

CHAPTER XII.

"Here were a long-tried pair, who seem'd to live
With more respect than affluence can give.
He married not; and yet he well approved
The social state: but she had rashly loved."

CRABBE.

THE evenings were fast growing longer in the little village of Kilkhampton as well as in the world around it; true, they were "often damp and chill with drizzling rain;" and not yet did the thrifty but comfort-loving inhabitants choose to lay aside their "handful of firing," where-with to cheer the lagging hour of night; for, paradox as it may seem, in this mildest of provinces the people are the most susceptible to the temperature, and the chilliest in Britain's Isle. The leaves, and then the blossoms, had begun to appear on the rows of ancient oaks and other trees in the church-yard; the black thorn

was thickly invested in its pure white and fragrant shrouds at least a month sooner than in any other part of the land. It was evening, and the twilight, that had just commenced, gave sufficient clearness to every object, and added a softness of its own, when, in the most lordly-looking dwelling of the village, and situated just in its centre, sat two personages of great respectability and of unstained reputation. They were seated much at their ease in the front parlour, whose single window looked forth on the venerable cemetery; the church and tower also rose finely in the back-ground, and reminded Mr. Arthur Trenlyon and his sister, who were now gazing on them, of their own mortality. Not that this was the idea that now occupied their minds: far otherwise; the hopes, the pretensions, the ambitions of the world, not forgetting their own, appeared to form the subjects of their present converse. The comforts of this transitory state were not wholly forgotten; for both heir and heiress of the ancient line of Trenlyon, finding themselves deprived of the sundry sweet

and consoling pleasures of the wedded life, seemed to be resolved to indemnify themselves by picking up as many other indulgences as possible by the way. A coarse and scanty carpet covered the middle of the oaken floor, and even Miss Damsen (the provincial abbreviation of Tomasine) might have made shift to do without the small and strange-looking mirror in which she daily and sometimes hourly gazed on her charms, so nicely, so brilliantly was the said floor shined and bescoured.

In the chimney burned beautifully vivid and clear a luxurious fire, consisting of a groundwork of dried turf, a superstructure of wood cut from their own estate, and a sprinkling of furze from the adjoining common thrown over the whole. The twilight, stealing down the low and broad chimney, lingered on its dark side, and seemed to mingle with and soften the glare of the flame, that rose in a thin volume, and rendered candles as yet unnecessary. The table was covered with a clean and sufficiently white cloth, and sustained viands both of the light

and substantial kind; for they composed the latest meal of the day, called the evening. The two inmates sat at this table opposite each other, their faces gradually fading more and more into indistinctness. A stranger would perhaps have judged, from the occasional "impression" of their manner to each other, that they were man and wife; but a close observation for a short time would have made him abandon the idea. There was a reason, however, for this mutual complaisance at times, in the fact, that they had been left by their sire with a property independent of each other; that is, for their mortal life only; for if either happened to die without heirs, and out of the wedded state, of which blessings the hopes could now be but faint, the possessions went to the survivor. This conviction often placed them both in that enviable and delicious state of feeling, of striving against the grain, to pay little attentions and kindnesses; to appear extremely solicitous about the other's temporal comfort, at the same time that each felt a secret hankering

to call the goodly patrimony all their own. But here they reckoned without their host; for, having lived beneath the same roof so many years, bachelor and maid, and looked morn and eve in the same well-known face, nor marked how time took delight in adding every now and then a wrinkle, to part suddenly would have felt like severing a limb. Then the little bickerings that sweetened many a repast, at each other's or their neighbours' expense, and the lengthened dwelling on the favourite topic, as the night closed in—all these solaces would expire with the last breath either of these last branches of the Trenlyons drew, and the survivor would be left in all the pride of desolation, like Ossian's Selma, "forlorn on the hill of winds—there is silence around me, and the pleasant faces and words that were with me are departed."

Long fellowship together in the hereditary mansion,—for their parents had died early,—had indeed created a kindliness of feeling, that would find its way when no ancient prejudice or pleasant prospect thwarted its exercise.

The brother might be said to be the more generous spirit of the two, and might perchance have cut a more splendid figure on the theatre of life, had he not been withheld by the dominant attachment to things as well as beings of the olden time, that seemed, in the several remains and fragments that still stood on his own domain and neighbourhood, to exist and breathe again before his mental eye.

Then there was a lustre also that he could not but persuade himself attached to his own person in some measure, from his being the hereditary and lonely possessor of some of these remains, where many a famed warrior had trodden. To visit them and muse on them, was the chief luxury of his idle life—for he had little to do. The lady was now seated in her wonted easy chair, on the side nearest the fire, on which she every now and then cast an approving eye. On the table before her stood a pewter vessel of goodly size, with a handle and cover; it contained not spiced Gascoyne wine, neither was it drawn from "the hogges-

hede of swete wine, nor sider, bere, or ale," all of which were in the cellar, and each formed a beseeming draught for a delicate female of the day; but it held a warm infusion of herbs of approved flavour and wholesomeness, namely, of thyme, balm, and mint, that grew, cultivated by her fair hand itself, in a rude kind of garden behind the dwelling. Tea had not yet found its way into this since tea-loving province, where it now forms the staple article of diet; and had Miss Damsen met in another scene with some gossip that flourished in the village in after years, she would have mourned with tears her hard fate, in having quitted the earth ere she had tasted it: as Apicius, in his dialogue there with a more modern epicure, wept to think he had never known turtle-soup. Still this infusion, the mingled fragrance of which stole through the whole apartment, might be called home-made tea, being a savoury substitute thereof, and was rendered additionally palatable to the fair lips that sipped it, by a trifling addition of good Hollands from a

silver cup beside, as she found the raw evenings rendered the latter an excellent stomachic. A flat cake, just baked on the hearth, and of a richness and crispness of aspect that would have tempted a Norman knight, flanked the aforesaid fluids.

"Arthur," she said, in one of the pauses of her leisurely meal, which she loved to prolong, "'tis pleasant to see the days lengthening in this here manner, that one can do without candles amost till bed-time; they 're sitch a wasteful thing in winter."

"And fires too," said the other; "the wood upon Treginnis estate is mostly cut down; though, when I was a boy, I was used to run about there among the tall elms and chesnuts; and now there's a mere shred, a spalin' left, and the young plantations were all killed by the east wind last December."

"You know, Arthur," she replied, "we like to live comfortable; that fire does one's heart good to look at it. If we had choosed to live like the Pengillins, in their great house down

in the bottom, screwin' and pinchin', you might ha' saved all your wood. I'm sure when I go into the great hall, and the wind streams in behind me, and not a clisp o' fire in the cold chimlie, the old armour of their forebears upon the wall rattles with the cold; it makes my bones shiver. And they're a proud set too, but it's a come down, say what they will, and their livin' isn't much better than their firin';—they're not sitch an ancient line as ours."

"Not by four centuries and a half, sister, and nothing so noble,—for all their house down in the bottom is so roomy and strong; other lords have sat beside the hearth, that intermarried with, and at last ousted them. 'Twas only in Mary's reign that a branch of the old family came back, but they were never the same again: the last son, a thriftless wight, had married the daughter of a rich woollen factor in London: they're sore humbled: I never go nigh the gate."

"They can't say that of our roof-tree, that has stood in Kilkhampton long before an-

other of any note stood there," was the reply; "there's no grandeurs about it; small, maybe, 'tis, and lew and kindlie," with an approving nod at the hearth, "and no stint o' comfort."

The brother acquiesced in these remarks, by a brief and indistinct approval; and continued to give more earnest proof of their truth by an active assault on a venison pasty, for the contents of which he was indebted to the gamekeeper of Stowe: a flagon of strong ale stood beside.

"But why didn't you plant the young trees in a lewer spot, in a sheltered clift, and not upon the wild downs?" the lady continued, placing at the same time another taper log of wood on the fire; "they would have thriven then. But you are a neglectful man o' your farm, Arthur, and would, maybe, rather be down in the Ivy-bush, wastin' your substance like the prodigal son."

This was an unprovoked attack on the good nature of the Squire, that had been more than usually excited by the delicious viands before him. He raised his head, and sent an angry

glance at the speaker; but it fell only on the vestments with which she was clad, as her slender figure was half lost in the thin shroud of smoke that now slowly rose; but his cheek was still red when she had reseated herself.

"Isn't my substance my own, to do what I like with? and you know I'm a temperate man, and don't love wastin'; and for the wood, who 's to have forest, or field, or meadow, after I 'm gone? but I 've thought whiles of late 'twill be better to leave an owner to them."

The silver cup, in which gentle herb and ardent spirit had been skilfully blended, that was at that moment being raised to her lips, shook visibly in her hand at this intimation, and a hue, like that in which wrath is chastened by sorrow, mantled her pale cheek and brow.

"An owner to the Trenlyon estate, did you say? and who may that be, ye foolish—I would say, ye thoughtless man? Would you bring a stranger under your father's roof, and one of no descent, nor blood, I warrant, comin' to darken the hearth, where yerls and the nobility of

the land have sat with satisfaction? Foscarbis downs too, and the furze croft, that was left by your great aunt Cuny, in the year —56, to go to another! I shall ne'er live to see it, nor will you either: you daren't do such a thing."

"And why not?" said the other, with growing energy; "didn't all my kin and kift marry before me? why should I live and die like a monk in a cell? their day is gone by now, and will ne'er be followed again. The last time I was in the old ruin, it came over my mind, as I looked round the mouldering walls."

"You're always dreamin' about the castle, brother, and wanderin' down by there like a ghost of one of the old knights: though ye don't eat the pasty like a ghost, for all that. Be content with your own quiet roof, and the comforts you get there night and day. Tintagel is a drear and a weary place: can ye find a drop o' good ale, or a hot pasty among the grey stones?"

"Tintayel!" he replied; "I've often requested you'd call it so; being a softer and more beseemin' name."

"And who, at your years, would think in earnest about sitch a thing? you wouldn't throw yerself away on a young baggage, that would make a pretence of love to that wrinkled forehead and shinin' crop above? Though ye might na be Samson, she would be a Dalilah,—not for your head of hair, Arthur, for there's no great matters left; but for your goodlie barns, and ricks, and outhouses, that would fly away out o' your hand, like the loose straw ower the cliff in a gust of wind. Maybe, that old faggot o' the hostel, Dame Tonkin, that I've warned ye of, wants to trump her pale daughter upon ye?"

These words were accompanied by suitable energy of action: in truth, Damsen, though doomed never more to see the fair and blissful side of forty, was rather an imposing figure: the cap that invested her head, rose pyramidically high in front, and then hung on each side in two graceful flaps, which fashion was, no doubt, borrowed from the Normans and Britons on the opposite coast: the said pendants were, by a piece of extravagance, trimmed with lace, and

had a comely air ; inclosed between them was a face of an exceeding tart, fretted, and self-indulged expression; neither worn nor wasted, however, and could boast somewhat of her brother's lofty forehead, and the same small grey eye beneath. Around the brow, that bore the signet of forty-three winters at least, but mildly, as Nature bears them in that gentle clime—was disposed a profusion of brown curling hair, in which malice itself could as yet trace but few of snowy hue; a pair of enormous antique gold rings seemed to pull her fair ears on each side, in mutual emulation.

CHAPTER XIII.

> "Gentle and simple, in her native place,
> No one compared with her in form or face;
> She was not merry, but she gave our hearth
> A cheerful spirit that was more than mirth."
>
> CRABBE.

THE concluding words failed of the inflammable effect that might have been expected. Trenlyon heard them, but answered not; they even seemed to conjure up to his fancy a thousand blissful things, for the image of the fair daughter of the inn floated vividly before him. He had had many soft and moving thoughts about her, had gazed on her beauty with exceeding satisfaction; and so far from recoiling at the idea of such an alliance, he felt he could even

consent to quench for a time his pride of ancestry, in the certainty that the boon would repay the sacrifice. But was this boon certain?—He leaned his head pensively on his hand, and the light that bickered over his troubled features, showed that hope wrestled there with despair; his large eyebrow fell closely over the orb beneath, and a glance was at times shot hurriedly from beneath, like as the spark bounded at intervals from the dense foundation of turf on the hearth.

"You need'n abuse the young woman," he said at last; "she's the comeliest in the village, and the sweetest spoken too; and that's more than all the rest of her kind are."

"Then you are thinkin' about her, and have talked to her in your cups, down bye, no doubt, about the substance of all the fair holdin' of land, and the warm dwellin' over your head; but afore ever she puts her foot over the threshold o' my fathers, that the ancient Lords of Stowe have stepped over, mine shall cross another, and that you may reckon upon

I've been over-besoughten of late, by one that shall be nameless."

"And whose threshold would ye cross, sister?" said the other, roused from his apathy by the idea of losing the other's goodly portion; "it won't be to find love within, neither by the hearth side, nor in the sanded parlour, for you are past the age o' that; the bloom will ne'er come back to your face, nor your spare figure fill up again, as I knew it once: don't knit your lips, and look fierce at me. Maybe, 'tis young Penfrane, that has runned through all he had, would persuade that you are but thirty, and would like to put his foot over the fat acres outside the town?"

"Penfrane of Nanswhydden," said the insulted spinster, glad of an opening to vent her gathering wrath; "he's a low-born man, though he's a seemlie figure: was'n his great grandfather steward to old Sir Richard, the admiral, when he lived in Bideford; and would he dare match with the Trenlyons, that never had a stain; that if they could speak out o' their cof-

fins for the last five hundred years, would say there 's no stranger's bones beside them to disturb their quiet."

"You say well, sister; but I have observed him looking hard at times towards ye, and sidling up along the path under the oaks upon a Sunday; maybe there 's one whose eye is not so bright, nor his hair so black, of my own age too, and would like to join your lands to his own warm ones close by."

"And who are ye pointing to now? Chinhayles of Trewardreva? he 's a decent man, and o' goodlie substance; but he left me, Arthur, in my youth, for another that he thought had a brighter eye and a sweeter tongue; and I 'll ne'er forgive it now: he passes by in foul weather and fair; and often I hear his heavy step, and I mind it well, from old times; and he aye glowers in at the window, but 't wont do; no, no, 'tis all in vain now."

"'Twas a false thing," said the brother calmly, "and can ne'er be forgotten. I meant no offence in jeerin' a little about these things;

and when I talked about the hostess's daughter, —she 's a sweet patient creature, that would win the heart of a mill-stone—it maybe was only for sport, and I was vexed you thwarted me so oft in going to the Ivy Bush of an evening, to the cosie settle, to take a cheerful glass. She 's aye there, Betsey; but she 's seldom cheerful, and seldom smiles, but sits on the chimlie seat, as if her love was beneath the wave where her young husband lies, and the storm that perished him had swept all hope from the earth for her."

"Arthur Trenlyon," said the other, holding up her finger in a warning mannr, "you are a degenerate man. Arn't you ashamed to be praisin' the baggage in that manner to me, as if a lily skin was so invitin', when 'twas filled with churl's blood; and her black eye, that you think is lookin' aneath the wave, can see into your heart, you simple man, and is lurin' ye to destruction; you, that are always talking about your ancient line, and the castle where they were wont to dwell. Old King Arthur himself, that ye boast of so much, would rise out of his

grave to see sitch a creature allyin' with a Trenlyon."

The latter was so overcome by this stern reply, of which he could not but feel the justice, that he made no return; and the Lady continued with increasing bitterness.

"You remember," she said, while her voice trembled itself at the remembrance, "it's now twenty years agone, when young Trethewan of Trebarva came after me: he was the flower of the parish, with a fresh blue eye, and a voice like the bees gatherin' about the thyme, and he had travelled far and wide, from the Tamar down to the end o' the county, and to the islands beyond, and he said he hadn't seen the thing to compare with the one he sought, for I had the pride o' the eye and the heart then, as well as of blood, as ye mind well. But 'twas that wrecked my happiness, and you stood in the way of it, and persuaded me he wasn't of ancient descent, enough to match with me, because his mother was a Reskymer of Penhallow, that came out of Wales in Queen Elizabeth's time,

and never had any title or people of mark in their family."

"And it was true," the Squire replied; "and you, that got the blood of the house of Granville in your veins; besides that of Gothlois, first duke of Tintayel, and Sir Fownes Trenlyon, knighted for his bravery in the field of Tewkesbury, who wore black armour on that day, with a raven's plume, such as I've seen his likeness in the wall of the parlour at Stowe—he had a fearful presence—and should I counsel your looking kind upon the descendant of a Welsh squire, never heard of beyond his own mountains?"

"And I listened to your counsel," she sternly continued, "and thereby lost the only one I ever loved, and he took it deeply to heart, and all for the pride of ancestry, and because Sir Beville might look cold upon it. I like to brood upon these things, and maybe to boast of them; and there's few have sitch a line to boast of, Arthur, as we; but I was young then, and thought less about them, and it wringed

my heart to see Trethewan go from the door, with his blue eye faded, and his ruddy colour all turned to white. He went home to Trebarva, where he's lived a single and seclusive life ever since. But you crossed our love, and that's a sad thing to do, and I told you then you would go a lonely man to your grave for it."

Trenlyon actually started at the prediction; his tone, both of word and feeling, had been for some time yielding to the hardier one of his sister; and in her look, fixed on his, there was a consciousness of power. He muttered something about having done all for the best, and so on; though the wish to keep his sister's portion from gliding away had as much to do in prompting the counsel as his fear of tainting the descent. The small quantity of Hollands left in the cup served to invigorate his resolve: but the power of her emotion, which was really sincere, bore down each assumed feeling; for she had conceived a strong attachment for this suitor, and even now spoke occasionally of the desolate state of Trebarva hall, with no kindly

hand or look about its hearth-stone, no one to smile on its inmate. But he too, like herself, had become cold and selfish, as time passed ruthlessly by his threshold, and sought only to add to his worldly goods. Aware of her advantage, the spinster tenaciously followed it up.

"And after doing all this, Arthur, and darkening, as I may say, all my prospects of earthly happiness, you think to spin dazzlin' ones for yourself, and, just by way of contrary, to do the very thing, when your hair is white, that you would'nt let me do, when mine was black as the raven's breast, and my eye full o' power. But it won't prosper, as I tell ye—a foresworn and helpless man you'll be; and another's hand, that may seem soft now, will be hard upon your old years."

The brother felt like a man who was caught in his own snare; but turned the torrent of reproach, as has often been done before, by suddenly changing the subject. He sat erect in his chair, and gave vent to the purpose on which he

had for many days brooded, by saying that he intended shortly to go and join the troop under Sir Beville's orders, and follow the head of his house to the field. The novelty of the intelligence startled the fair speaker so greatly, that she doubted at first whether her ears had told her truth.

"Mercy upon us, Arthur! are ye sincere in what you say? to leave your quiet warm home and go to serve the King in the open field, and to lie upon the damp ground? 'tis a rash thing to do."

"It may be so," he replied; "but every body is marching: the old men that never left the village for the last twenty years; and the very boy that scared the birds from the young corn has taken a pike, and flitted this morning. Besides, the duty I owe the house as a near relation, his Lordship went through the village with such a train at his heels; and many far away keene too, the Seawens, the Rentreaths, and Lewannicks, were near his person, and looked as proud of it as might be. And what

would he say, was I to stay behind it? It would taint our name."

"It's true, it's all true, brother," was the reply; "but you have never been a fighting man; and if there should be a battle, only think what might happen." Her eye grew brighter unconsciously, as she uttered these words; and it cannot be denied that the idea of being left sole possessor of the estates of Trenlyon, and all their fair appurtenances by any chance that might befall the present heir, was not unwelcome at that moment; for there was little doubt that Trethewan, whose image, while speaking of him, had just come before her with all its ancient attractions, would bend his chilled spirit to its primitive love, and rejoice to welcome her and her ample dowry, still unfettered, to Trebarva hall. Still it was difficult to stifle the kindliness of her nature that was awakened by this declaration.

"To be sure, as you say, Arthur, it would be a falling off from the fame of our house, and in its last male heir too, and so near o'

blood, not to help his Lordship in sitch a sore extremity; leavin' out going forth for the King, which there's enough people to do, without such peaceable ones as you stirring in the quarrel. But it's a fallin' off, as you say, from the old Lords of Tintayel, besides the first Duke and Lady Igerna, and the Knights o' Trenlyon that used to dine, there's no doubt, at King Arthur's round table, each man cutting his victuals with his dagger and back-sword, and fighting with the same weapons, like wild beasts, afore they rose from table. You ken these times better than I do. But you won't go into danger, brother? you'll beware surely of the musket balls, and the sword strokes, and the pushin' o' the pike— remember you was never used to sitch things, and must take care o' your precious life."

The conclusion of this speech presented, perhaps, some images not very delightful to the hearer's feelings; but the truth was, he had been stung by some reflections thrown out by a few adherents of the Granvilles, far more re-

motely allied than himself. He had always professed to be warmly interested in the quarrel, and a staunch advocate for the King; and in the crusade from town, hovel, and hamlet that was now in movement, he saw, that to remain at home an idle spectator would be a discreditable thing. Besides, he was in his prime, it might be said; his limbs were strong and active, and he stood as good a chance as others of returning home in a whole skin, and his ample brow covered with laurels.

"No doubt, life is a precious thing; and when once lost, is lost for aye: but one mus'nt think of danger, or of pike-thrust—hem!—that may go through one afore one is aware; and to see a strong man stretched upon his back, beating the air with his hands, like I 've seen lobsters down in the cove yonder when put upon the sand—Have ye any more o' that Hollands? it's so warmin' such a chill evening as this."

"But consider, Arthur; don't do things rashly: have you really made up your mind to it? it's a solemn step to take, and, no doubt,

you'll be much talked of for it afterwards,—that is, if you're preserved it; but you arn't prepared to set forth yet, you hav'nt any armour, nor weapons of war."

"They are soon got, such as they are: the great knights of our old territory wore armour that a man felt as snug and sheltered in as in his warm bed of a howlin' December's night. The more the pity it should be left off for that used now-a-days; a musket ball would'n go through it; and a pike banged against it, as if 'twas an iron gate, like the one that stood in the ruined archway. A man's life is'n secure now; however, I shall set out for Launceston in two or three days for the force is mustering strong there."

"Well, brother, if you are resolved, there's no turnin' a fouright man from his way; and I'll see that every thing shall be got ready for your outfit, and you'll be among kindly folk at Launceston, by whom our family is holden in deep respect. But if the rebels should draw nigh, while you are shut up in the walls there,

they'll come to the village, maybe, and make a clean house and home; for they are a fierce set, that are for overthrowing all that's venerable in the land; you'll find no more mercy from them than a common man."

"I trust not to have mercy to beg from them, Damsen: things arn't come to that strait yet; for they say they like to cut off the stout branches of the families, that have flourished like the everlasting oaks in the land, or like the cedars of Lebanon, that are more sightly in their ripe years than in the greenness of youth. But prepare for the worst, sister; we shall have a bloody field, perhaps: you know, his Lordship is over eager and hot in face of the enemy, and the gentlemen of his house must follow, if it's over dead bodies and dying men lying in their red armour like in winding-sheets. How dull that fire burns! there's a darkness come quick over the room: the pile of turf there, that looks so fiery, what a queer shape it's burnin' in, just like a coffin! you saw such a one, Damsen,

you 've told me, the night afore my father was taken?"

"I did so, Arthur; a fearful night it was; there was a sough in the air, a sound drawing nigh like that of a host marching; but you 're looking pale and forwrought, man; is anything ailing ye? let me get a soup of the old Gascoyne wine out of the cellar; 'twill be better for ye than Hollands, that's only good for a weak stomach."

So saying, she bustled off to the well-stored cellar, leaving her brother in darkness and silence, a prey to contemplations far less sweet and cheering than those into which his tenderness had beguiled him, his look fixed on the depths of the chimney, while her departing footsteps were the only sound that met his ear.

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